CELEBRATING OUR NATION'S BICENTENNIAL

TRUE FRONTIER

FACTUAL STORIES OF THE OLD WEST

SPECIAL ISSUE

COLORADO

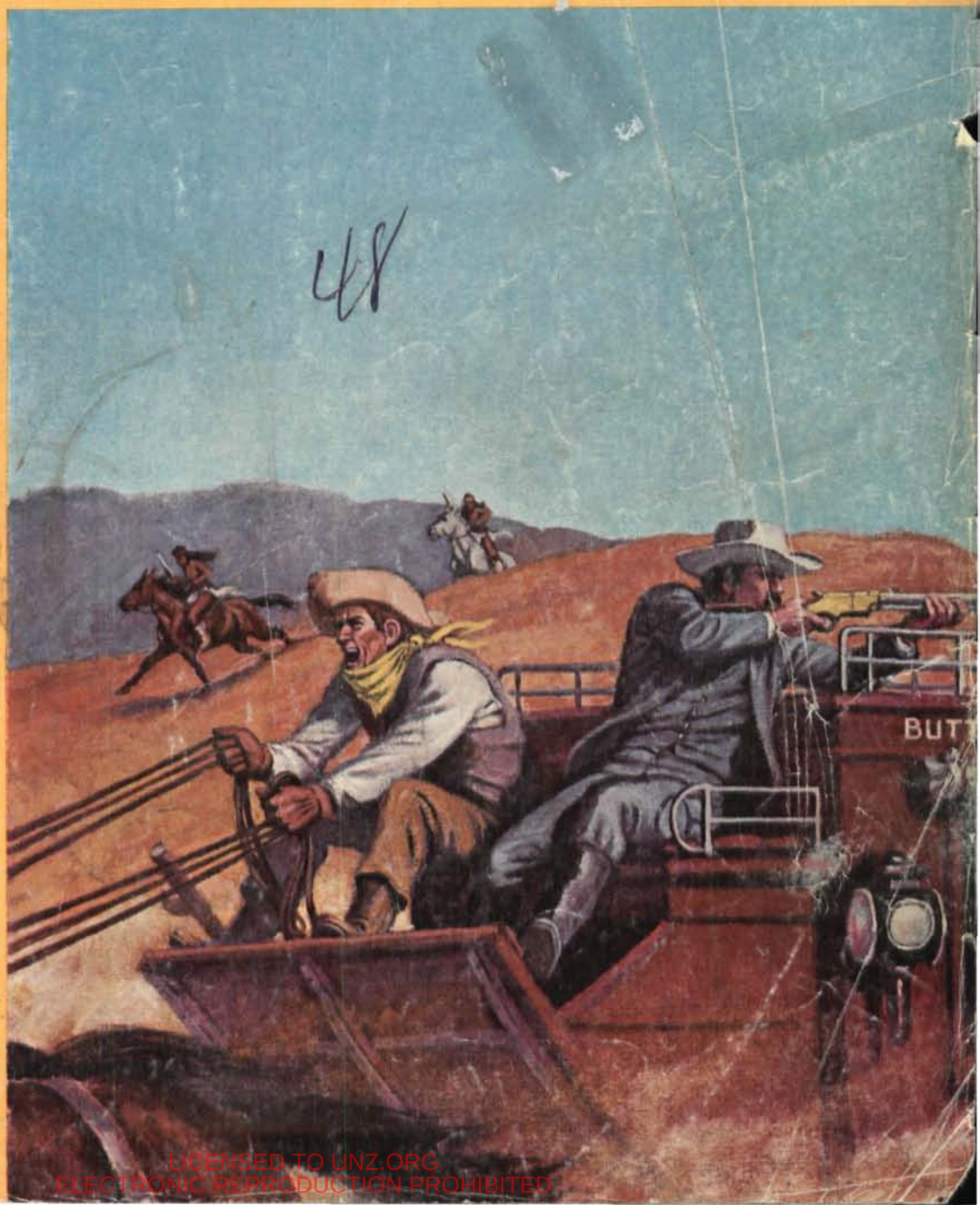
December $1.00 PDC 58853-4

THE MYSTERY OF COLORADO'S CLIFF DWELLINGS

CHIEF SANTE'S MAGIC WAR BONNET

BUCKING THE TIGER

FOUR YEARS OF GLORY FOR A COLORADO TOWN



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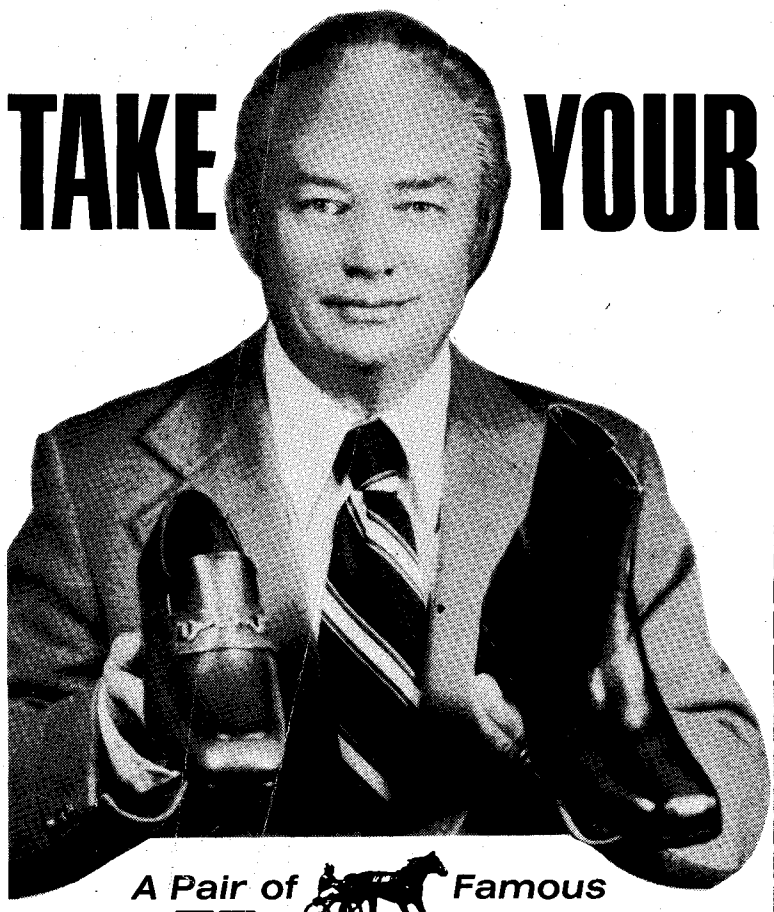

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LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS BY GETTING AN OIL AND GAS LEASE DIRECT FROM THE GOVERNMENT.

UNBELIEVABLE AS IT SOUNDS, THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT HAS A MONTHLY DRAWING OR LOTTERY FOR OIL AND GAS LAND LEASES WHERE YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXACTLY THE SAME AS EXXON, MOBIL AND SHELL!

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The United States Government holds public drawings every month for thousands of acres of oil and gas lease rights on lands owned by the government. You can be a big winner (up to $1,000,000) with the best odds you've ever had to stake your claim to the biggest possible bonanza ever.

You've heard how Getty and other rich men made their millions in oil. Here is your big opportunity to become wealthy. Each month the U.S. holds PUBLIC DRAWINGS for OIL & GAS LEASE rights in oil rich states – as long as you are over 21 and a U.S. citizen, you're eligible to participate in these drawings.

Your chance is as good as major oil companies and other insiders because no one can have more than one chance. If you win the drawing, you don't have to even drill for the oil, because the oil companies will compete for your rights to prime oil & gas rich locations. Cash payments plus royalty income that could bring you over a million dollars!

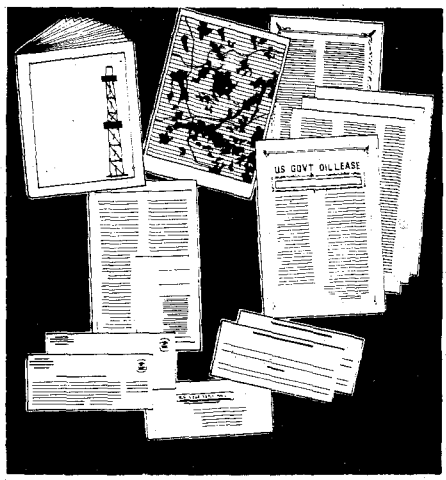
Best of all, is that much of the income in tax sheltered – so you don't have to pay income tax on a large amount of your royalties.

Last month, at the drawings for Govt. oil leases, individuals just like yourself were awarded leases worth thousands and thousands of dollars. In addition, there are usually a number of leases for which no lease applications are even filed. As you are aware, there is an acute shortage of crude oil and natural gas – the Govt. price restrictions on new oil wells has been cancelled and the new price is now almost $11 a barrel and will go up soon! Think of the fabulous profits you could make - if the Govt. would draw your name as the winner.

Some service firms exist to file your application with the Govt., but they charge a $10-$20 service fee for each application you make. Our complete package contains everything you need to file the applications yourself. You get easy to follow instructions, official Govt. forms, oil tract map, application sheets, etc.

In addition, most of the service firms enter their address on the Govt. forms, making it difficult for the oil companies to contact and make a deal with you. We show you how to file these forms yourself – if you win, your name and address are posted on the official United States Government Winners List – all oil companies receive a copy of the list and compete to offer you a large cash payment as well as a royalty payment of up to 5%!

The total amount that the Govt. receives for these oil & gas leases is $10 and an annual rental of $.50 per acre, but the major oil companies are willing and anxious to immediately purchase the leases from the winners for amounts that range from $5 to $100 an acre. The 3% to 5% royalty payments are guaranteed by law – you must get these payments in addition to the per acre cash payment!



You get a complete information packet containing easy-to-follow instructions, official government forms, oil land tract map, application sheets, etc.

Very few people know about this terrific opportunity to realize high profits. About 100 parcels are available each month and you can file you own application for each parcel.

Of the 2.2 billion acres of land within the United States, the Federal Government owns over 750 million acres (about 1/3 of the land). The President's Advisory Council estimated that over half of the remaining U.S. oil and gas resources are on federal lands. For example, Wyoming is the 5th largest oil producing state in the U.S. and almost half of the state is owned by the Federal Government.

For example, if you acquire a 640 acre lease for $.50 an acre and sell it for $10 an acre you will receive $6,400! The average well will produce up to 500 barrels a day (500 barrels at $11/barrel = $5500). An average 4% royalty would bring you $220 a day profit - $1540 a week! During your 10 year lease you would make over $800,000!

Millions of people play the lotteries, numbers, horses, etc. in this country, but when they do win a horse race – the amount is usually $50 - $100 and the odds against you are great!

On several parcels just two or three applications were made; on some parcels - no applications were made!

You can see that by making just a small effort - your rewards can be very great. The Government does not publicize this unique opportunity. Nationwide Leasing feels you should be made aware of it and given the means to participate in it.

Get started now in these lucrative and rewarding oil and gas leases. Send just $8.95 plus $1.00 postage and insurance for this complete packet – every step is completely covered in simple, everyday language – no fancy, technical or legal words are used. You get complete information-official Government application forms, an oil land tract map – even a listing of the names and addresses of the major oil companies that would be interested in your oil and gas lease.

Send today for your complete information packet – even use the official Government application forms – if you are not completely satisfied in every way, return the kit for a prompt, no hassle refund.

Take advantage of this official United States Government oil & gas lease drawing program to help you become more wealthy than you ever dreamed possible.

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☐ An extra $1.00 is enclosed - send by airmail.

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Dear Readers:

This month it's Colorado's turn for our Bicentennial salute, but this state merits an extra tip of the Stetson this year—it's also their Centennial. Colorado became a state 100 years ago in 1876. So, Colorado now celebrates its Centennial-Bicentennial, two good reasons for really whooping it up. And Colorado may well be proud of its place in our history. The very name of the state evokes thoughts of silver strikes, snow-clad mountains, the mile-high city of Denver, oldtime gambling halls, cowboys, lawmen, Indians—everything that went to make up the Old West. You'll find all this and more in this issue. Happy trails!

Dear Editor:

I've enjoyed your magazine for many years now and always find each issue interesting and even exciting to read. One thing has always bothered me, though. Where do your writers get all these ideas for their stories? Are they all true? Did things really happen this way in the West? These may seem silly questions to you, but I'm serious about this. Please answer.

Edith Baker
St. Louis, Missouri

Perhaps the difficulty lies in your thinking of the articles in each issue as "stories." True, they are stories of the Old West, but as stated on our cover, these are "factual" stories. None of them are fiction. Our writers do not get "ideas" for these stories in the same sense that a fiction writer would. The writers who contribute to TRUE FRONTIER are basically historians. They steep themselves in the history of the West; they are constantly traveling in search of new material; they haunt libraries and historical societies tracking down facts; and they work hard at this task. The results of all their labors are—we modestly hope—the type of true stories of the West that will always hold our readers' interest. Thanks for writing, and hope this has helped you.

Dear Editor:

Are you going to give every Western state a Bicentennial salute? It sounds like a great idea to me.

Johnny Lee
Reno, Nevada

We're sure going to try. There are a lot of states in the West, and we're going to do our best to feature all of them.

Dear Editor:

I just want to let you know that TRUE FRONTIER is a great magazine. It helped me a lot in my history class the other day. I had to give a talk on famous men of the Early West, and I found all the facts I needed in the back issues of your magazine which I save each time it comes out. My teacher said I did an excellent job of research, so thank you, TRUE FRONTIER.

James Carling
Albany, N.Y.

You're very welcome. Letters such as yours are always appreciated.

Dear Editor:

One of the things I've always liked reading about and seeing in the Western movies is the way cowboys headed for the local saloon to drink, dance, and gamble. It was a rough, tough life in those days, and men had to find their pleasure where they could when they came off the trail. How about even more stories about this part of the West?

Bill Baker
Los Angeles, California

We try to cover all aspects of life in the Old West. Saloons weren't always as romantic and exciting as the movies have made them appear. We've got a couple of stories on saloon gambling in this issue that should interest you—and we hope you'll also enjoy all the other stories we've lined up for our readers.

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TRUE FRONTIER

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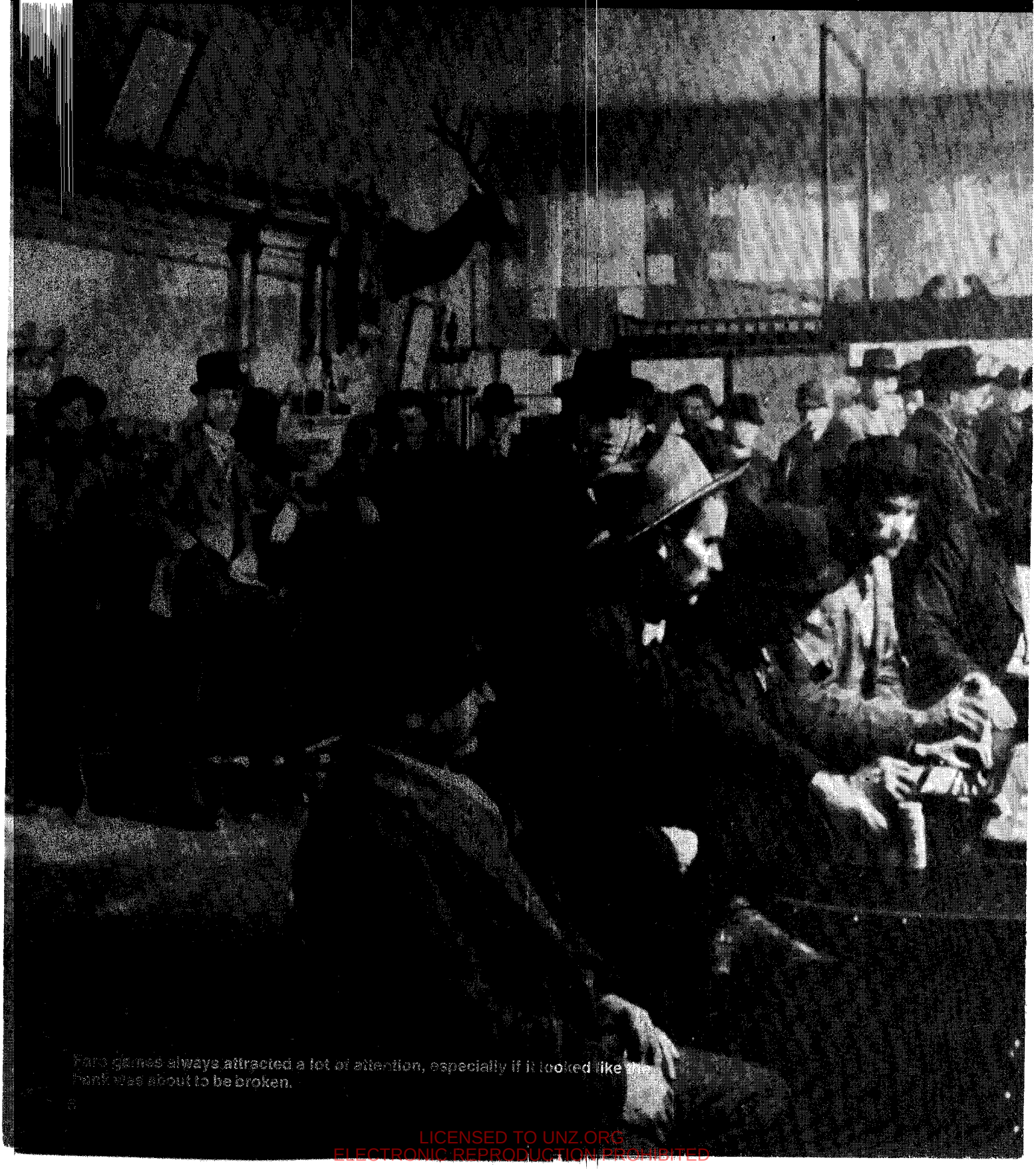
BUCKING THE

It was once the most popular gambling game in the Old West, played by men like Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp



Faro games always attracted a lot of attention, especially if it looked like the bank was about to be broken.

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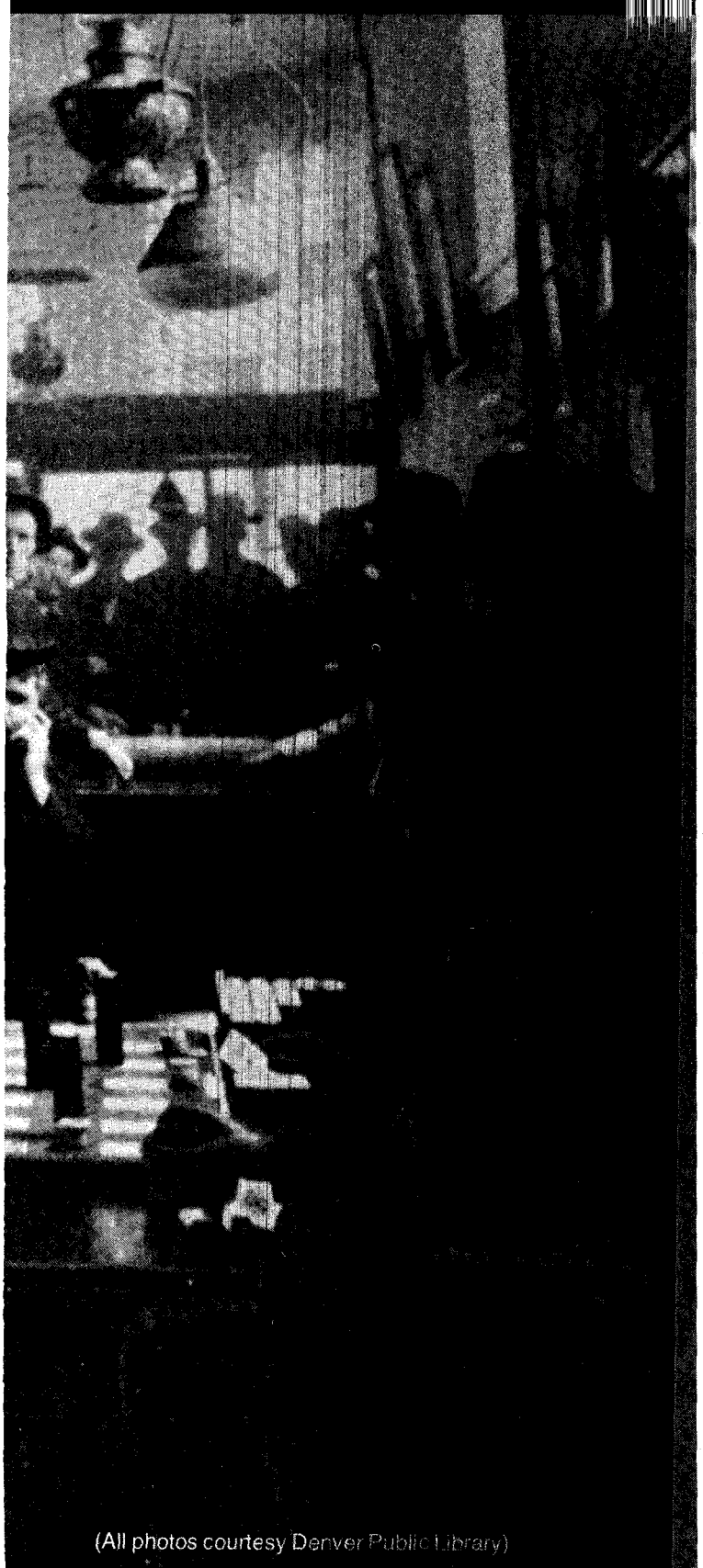
TIGER

by D. Van Atchley

. . . but no one plays it anymore



(All photos courtesy Denver Public Library)

According to legend, Doc Holliday, one of the West's most famous and proficient gamblers once spent a winter "bucking the tiger"—the slang term for playing the banking game of faro. During the three months he operated, he took saloonkeepers and gambling men for over $40,000. The story has no way of being proven or disproven—but it does point up the truth that players and dealers of the great game of faro won and lost thousands of dollars in the gambling halls of the Old West.

The gambling game of faro was not an invention of the pioneers, but is was in the West where it received it's greatest popularity. Between the days of the California Gold Rush and the early years of this century it was the number-one game in all gambling circles. These were the years of the "Golden Age of Faro." Any establishment of any standing sported a faro bank.

The beginnings of faro can be traced back to the 1400's when Teutonic footsoldiers played a game similar to faro called *Landsquenet* which was also known to the treasure-seekers of Denver during the Colorado Gold Rush of 1859. *Landsquenet* was a feature game of Ed Chase, the famed Denver gambler. It was in these early days of Denver that Chase became boss gambler of the Rocky Mountains and, in the wild boom days, he would sit on a high stool in his place with a shotgun resting on his knees and survey the scene with his cold gray eyes and keep the boys honest.

It was from the game *Landsquenet* that Venetian and Italian gamblers derived two new games called *Bassetta* and *Hocca*. Faro was coming closer to its birth.

These two games were taken up by the French, who invented the game faro—although the spelling was *Pharao* or *Pharaon*. It was called this because the backs of French playing cards showed an Egyptian king. One theory, however, regards the game faro as being played in ancient Egypt. No matter whence it originated, the fast gamblers of the West held little regard for history.

In France, the great John Law did more for faro more than any one man. A Scottish soldier of fortune, John Law learned the game and then, by his cunning, gained considerable sums from the Parisian sharpers. His gambling activities had already earned

(Continued on page 62)

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GUNS THAT WON THE WEST

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Left: Henry "44" rimfire repeater belonged to Sitting Bull.
Right: Kennedy rifle with Nez Perce gun case.

Repeating rifles turned the odds against the Indians and blazed the way to new frontiers . . .

by Richard Gladden

The hot, shifting sands of Arizona's desert country reflected shimmering waves of heat as the two lonely prospectors made their way through a timeless sea of sand and space. The donkeys upon which the miners were riding moved lethargically, with a lack of determination which ordinarily would have cost them several sharp kicks in the ribs.

However, the prospectors had been out for several weeks without the slightest encouragement to spur them on. They had run out of beans two days earlier and since then had eaten only a skinny rabbit that had happened to cross the bead on one of the Henry rifles the prospectors were carrying.

These two desert rats hadn't always carried Henry rifles

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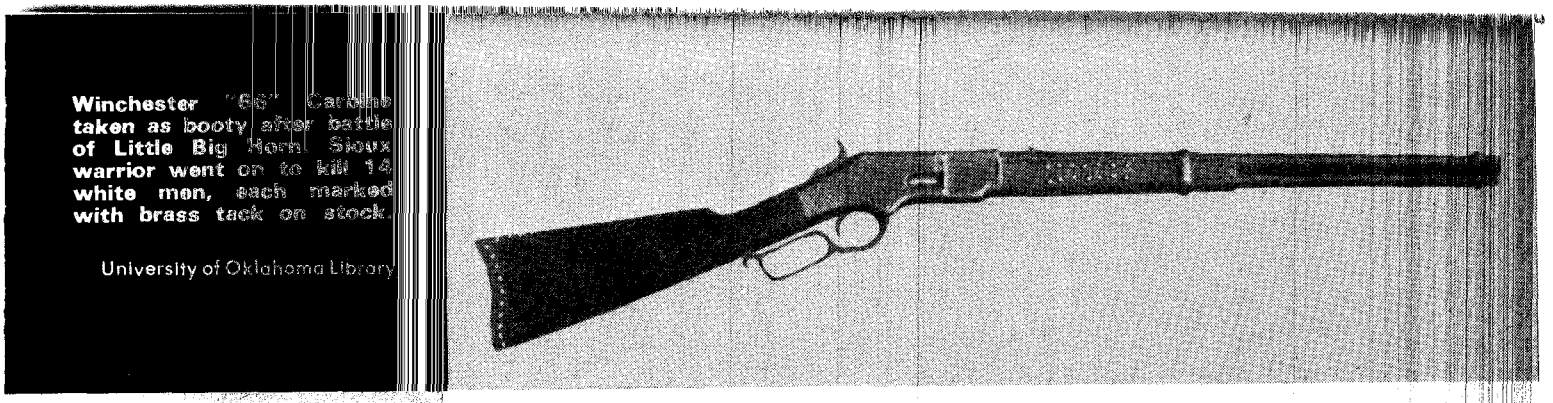

Winchester "66" Carbine taken as booty after battle of Little Big Horn. Sioux warrior went on to kill 14 white men, each marked with brass tack on stock.

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with them. Prior to 1860 that rifle wasn't available. In fact, prior to 1860 there wasn't a generally reliable repeating rifle made.

Life in the West was difficult for everyone and the lack of a dependable rifle didn't help matters any. Not only were the prospectors in constant danger from their hostile environment, but also the Indians were in equal danger from the invaders of their land. Consequently, when any new weapon turned up the side which obtained it first had the advantage.

Before the advent of the repeating rifle about 1860, Indian raiders had a huge advantage whenever they attacked lonely prospectors—who usually traveled alone or in pairs. A war party of 20 or 30 braves had little trouble overpowering badly outnumbered sourdoughs who had to reload their weapons after each shot.

The Indians had devised a strategy for these isolated battles, a strategy dictated by the limitations of the prospector's rifles. The war party would send two horsemen charging past the grimy desert rats as decoys. The unsuspecting men thinking the pair of whooping braves their only attackers, would fire at them as they raced away.

Before the men could reload the main body of the raiders would swoop down and slaughter them without fear of bullets.

When the Henry rifle came on the market in 1860, prospectors were among the first customers. Now they had a weapon capable of firing 16 rounds without reloading. The Indians were soon to learn that their old tactics would be of little use. Such was the case with the two prospectors trekking across the Arizona sands. . . .

Possibly the desert rats hadn't eaten for a day or two, but the feeling of emptiness in their bellies was nothing compared to their feeling of loss and frustration which characterized their past few weeks in the desert country of Arizona. They were heading back toward civilization, broke and hungry, but mostly depressed.

Suddenly, from out of no where, two Indians came screaming at them. A gleam of anticipation leaped into the prospectors' eyes as they snapped up their Henrys. (They had purchased the new rifles a few months earlier and hadn't gotten a chance to use them on a human target.) After each perged off a round at the fleeing horsemen, they turned quickly in their saddles. No sooner had the desert rats turned around than the next batch of Indians appeared. The fired-up Indians were expecting anything but what followed.

Without the customary pause for loading the prospectors opened fire on the charging Indians. Both men worked the levers of their rifles as fast as they could, quickly felling off fifteen rounds each, and killing or disabling all of the Indians. (The first Henry rifle held fifteen rounds in the magazine and one in the chamber.)

Needless to say, the Indians must have been surprised when the prospectors continued firing without taking time to reload. Thus, the Henry rifle began still another chapter in both the history of firearms and the growth of the United States.

With America's struggle for independence from the Mother Country came our first real conflict. With our first war came our need for weapons.

As early as 1776, Lieutenant Henry Knox of General

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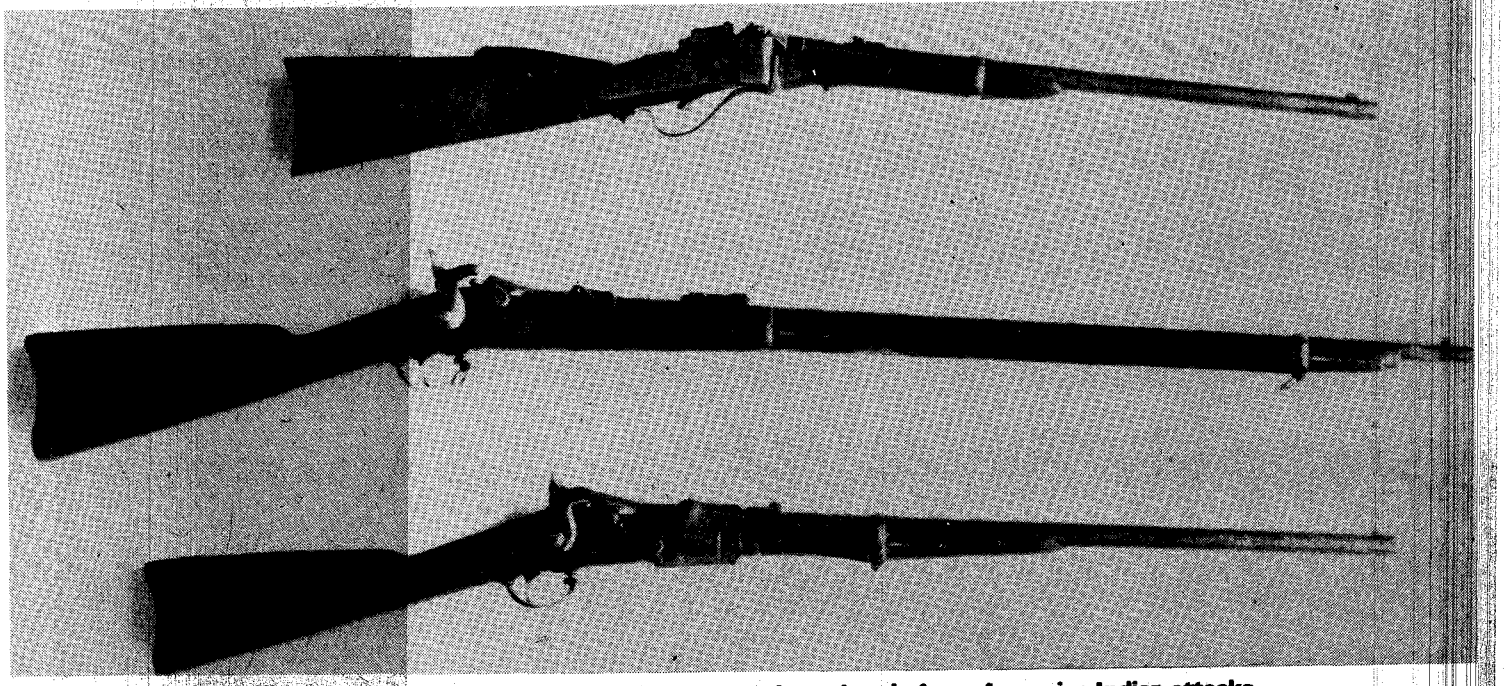

Single-shot Sharps rifle, top, and Springfields, below, were nearly useless in face of massive Indian attacks.

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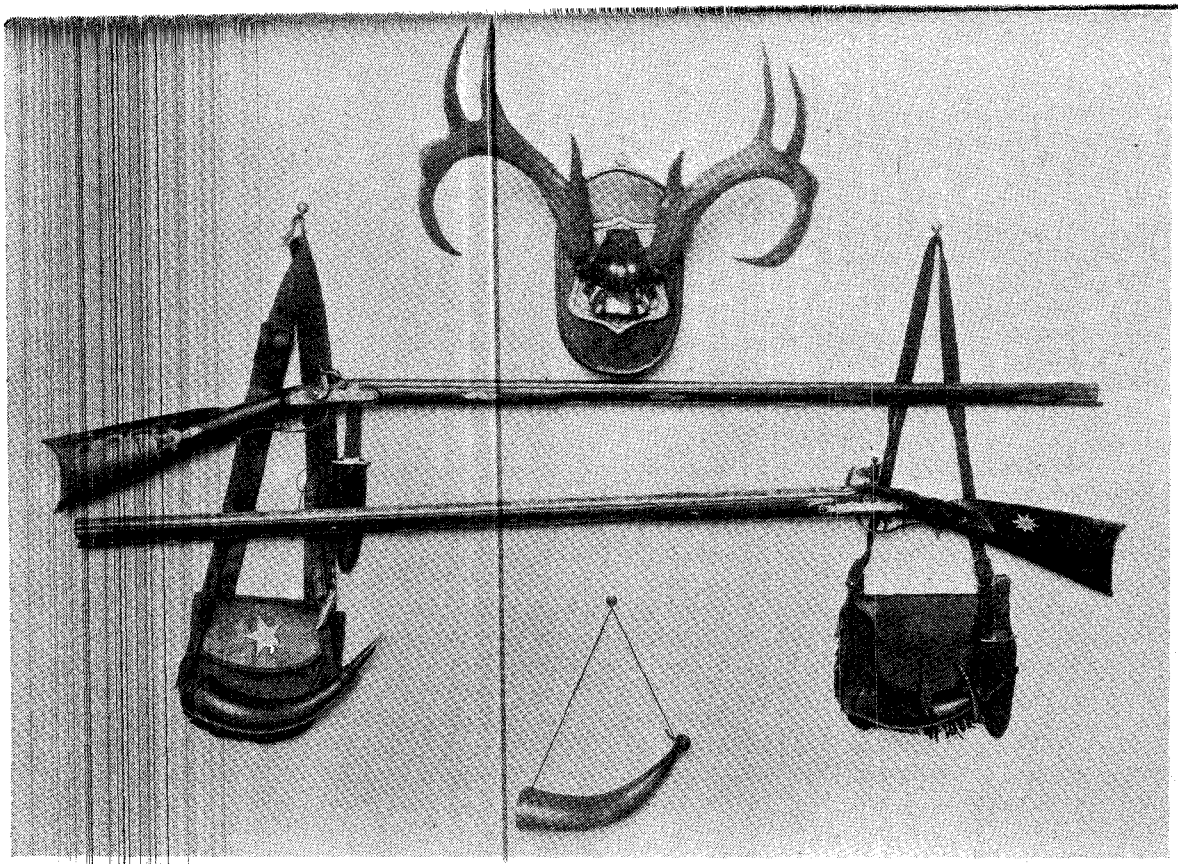

Percussion rifle, top, was made in Lafayette, Indiana, about 1840. Below, flintlock Kentucky rifle made about 1810.

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Washington's staff recommended "That there be one or more capital laboratories erected at a distance from the seat of war in which shall be prepared large quantities of ordinance stores of heavy species and denominations; that at the same place a sufficient number of able artificers be employed to make carriages for cannons of all sorts and sizes; ammunition, weapons, tumbrils, harnesses, and so forth, that as contiguous as possible to this, place a foundry for casting large cannons . . . be established upon a large scale."

Following that recommendation, Washington ordered our country's first ordnance depot to be established at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. That location, though central to the fighting and remote enough to avoid capture, was too far from the scene of battle to be effective. (It must be remembered that transportation problems of those days were infinitely more complicated—at least more time consuming—than those of today.)

Since the depot at Carlisle was too remote to be efficient, it was decided to establish another ordnance depot. As soon as it was announced that a second depot was to be constructed; several towns began to compete for the new plant. Among the locations considered were Springfield and Brookfield, Massachusetts, and Hartford, Connecticut.

Records show that General Washington favored Hartford, Connecticut, since he felt the location was easily accessible and had suitable facilities for transportation. However, due to reasoning by Lieutenant Knox, it was decided to locate the plant at Springfield, Massachusetts.

When the depot was completed in the late 1770's, it was mostly utilized to make and fill cartridges for muskets. These early cartridges consisted of a charge (powder) and a musket ball wrapped in paper. In battle the soldier tore off the end of the cartridge—often with his teeth—poured the powder down the muzzle of the musket, then rammed the ball along with some wadding into place.

At the close of the Revolutionary War in 1781, the facilities at Springfield were partly demobilized. It was not until 1795 that a musket would be manufactured at Springfield. In 1782 the depot was altered so it could be utilized as a magazine for reception of public ammunition.

Then, under the provisions of a Congressional act, approved April 2, 1794, Springfield Armory was completely changed. The Act called for establishment of three national arsenals and for manufacture of firearms at these locations. Springfield was chose for the site of one of the arsenals since it was already under military control and since its location put it in an area where skilled craftsmen were available.

The first firearm was produced at Springfield Armory in 1795. (Essentially this was the first time Americans had ever worked together to make a firearm.) At that time the plant had facilities for making about 20 guns per month at an average cost of approximately $25 each which included several accessories. That year only a few hundred muskets were made. (In 1902 that plant turned out 1,000 rifles a day, working 24 hours a day.)

The first firearm produced at the Springfield Armory was patterned on the French Charleville smooth-bore mus-

Hand-made Schuetzen rifle, used only for match shooting weighed nearly 30 lbs.

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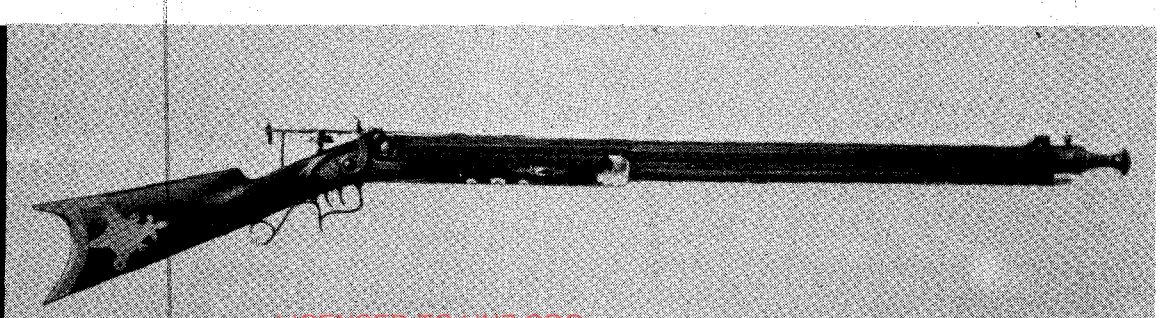

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ket, Model 1762, calibre .69. The American issue of this weapon used a bullet which weighed one ounce instead of 1/15 of a pound as the French specified. The charge used in this gun was roughly 1/45 of a pound (150 grains), although under test conditions a charge of 450 to 500 grains was sometimes used. This issue was produced virtually unchanged at the Springfield Armory until 1842 when a percussion firing mechanism was substituted for the early flintlock construction.

Following the flintlock, the next step in the evolution of the American rifle was the use of a percussion firing primer contained in the cartridge itself. Before use of the percussion primer, a piece of fling attached to a hammer served as the firing mechanism. When the hammer was released, the flint scratched a piece of steel in the flash pan (so-called because it was filled with a priming charge of loose powder) while this in turn ignited the charge in the barrel.

During the flintlock period, firearms progressed little as it was impossible to exceed the limitations of the awkward flint ignition.

Use of a percussion primer was first patented in 1870 by a Scottish clergyman, Rev. Alexander John Forsyth. His application for patent reads, in part, as follows:

"First, as to the chemical plan and principles thereof, instead of permitting the touch-hole or vent of the pieces of artillery, firearms . . . and instead of giving fire to the charge by a lighted match, or by flint, and steel . . . I do close the touch-hole or vent by means of a plug or sliding piece . . . so as to exclude the open air, and to prevent any sensible escape of the blast or explosive gas or vapor outwards, or from the priming charges, and as much as possible to force the said priming to go in the direction of the charge, and to set fire to the same, and not be wasted in the open air; and as a priming I do make use of some or one of those chemical compounds which are so easily inflammable as to be capable of taking fire and exploding without any actual fire being applied thereto . . ."

Utilization of a percussion firing primer came to this country by the 1820's. One of the early American rifles using a percussion firing primer was the .38 percussion rifle made by Nathaniel G. Whitmore. By the 1840's and 1850's the Government was using percussion primers of various types on several muskets and rifle muskets, as well as on some pistols.

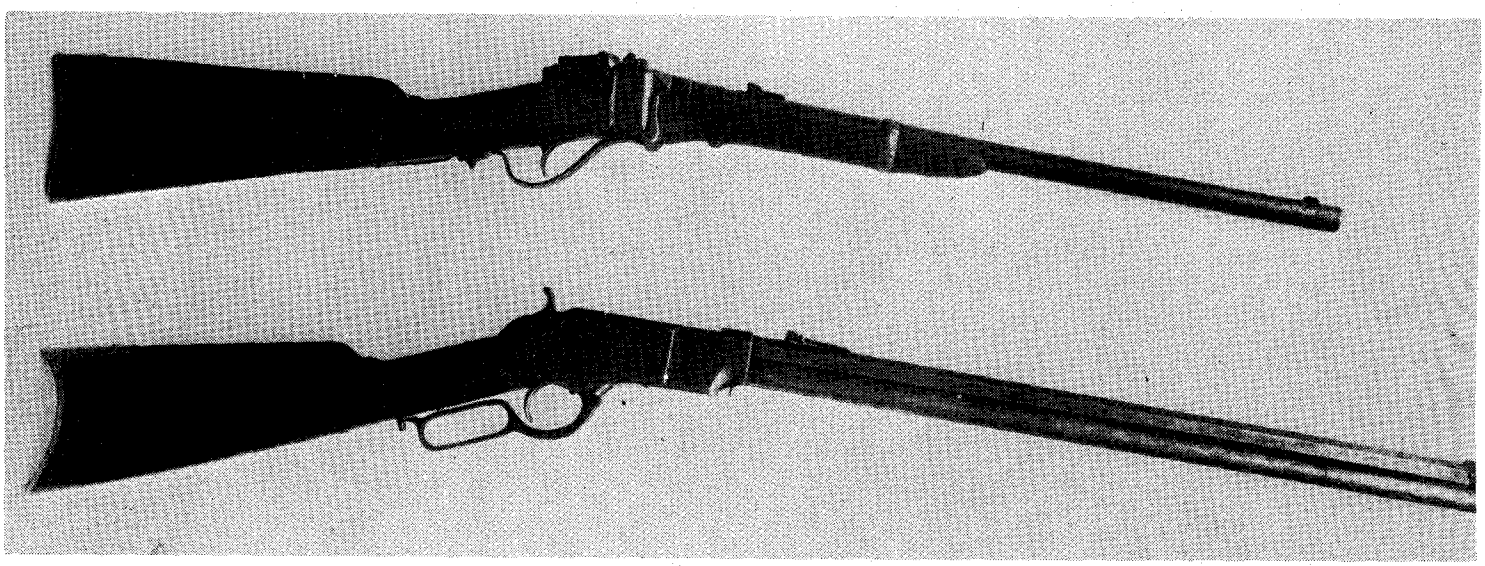
Credit for development of the percussion firing cap, a device similar to the percussion primer, is given to Joshua Shaw. He made patents on them in 1822 and in 1828 but did not receive compensation for his invention until 1844 when it was decided he was the rightful invetor of the new firing mechanism.

With development of the percussion cap a new era in firearms opened. The efficiency of the weapon was increased, as was its reliability.

From the percussion cap the next step was the self-contained cartridge. Again the use of this practice arose in Europe, but quickly made its way to America.

When the unit cartridge came to America, it was manufactured by Colt and a great many arms manufacturers. This first cartridge consisted of a combustible envelope containing powder and a ball. The envelope, which was extremely combustible as it was heavily nitrated, was dropped down the muzzle of the gun and seated with a ramrod.

From this envelope cartridge evolved Sharps' famous linen cartridge. This cartridge was similar to the envelope types, but was made of linen rather than paper. One important feature of this cartridge was that it would withstand more rough treatment than the paper cartridge, and, as a result, was in greater demand on our frontier where one criterion for utility was durability.



Civil War Sharps rifle, top, and Henry repeater.

University of Oklahoma Library

Dr. Maynard, a dental surgeon of Washington, D.C., is credited with developing the brass cartridge in 1851. Before this time, he had worked with percussion caps, but had met with only limited success. This early cartridge was made of brass and was used in conjunction with the Maynard tape primer.

Maynard had developed the tape primer some years earlier, but its development was shadowed by introduction of percussion caps at about the same time. The tape primer was much like a roll of caps used in a toy pistol.

The turning point in the argument for using metallic cartridges came following the battle of Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, when Union troops scoured the battle area, retrieving weapons left behind by both Union and Confederate soldiers. A total of 35,574 guns were found, and these were all shipped back to Washington, where they were to be held.

However, as inspection of the captured guns began, interesting facts became blatantly obvious. After the inspec-

(Continued on page 48)

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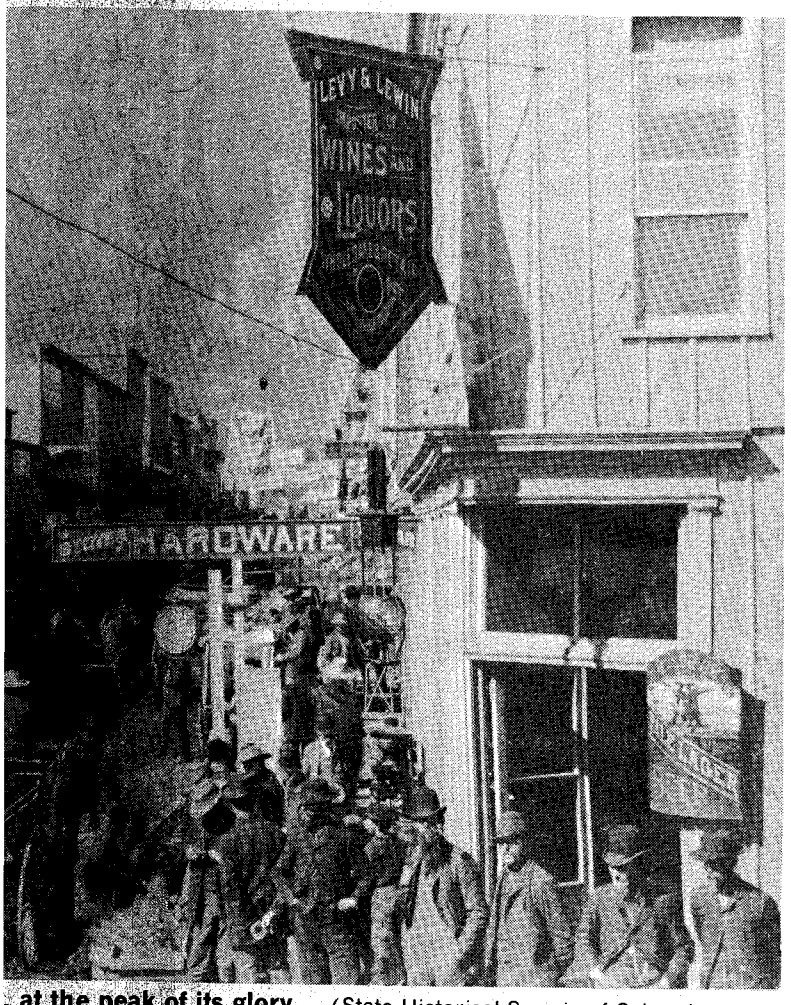
YEARS OF GLORY



, at the peak of its glory. (State Historical Society of Colorado)

Just as it appeared further significant silver strikes in Colorado would not be forthcoming, activity around the Creede area began and another series of silver-producing claims came into play.

Prospecting was in progress around Creede as early as 1880. In the 1880's a wagon route in the upper reaches of the Rio Grande Valley extended between Wagon Wheel Gap, Silverton, and Lake City. This route passed very near the present site of Creede, and still closer to Sunnyside, a small mining camp two miles west of Creede.

Some of the prospectors on this route halted long enough to work the steep mountain slopes and treacherous rock escarpments.

Jefferson Randolph "Soapy" Smith, who established himself as head of Creede's government.

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By Robert Gaddis

(Denver Public Library)

Robert Ford, owner of Creede's famous Bob Ford Tent Saloon.

(State Historical Society of Colorado)

Famous Commodore Mine in Creede which produced $1,000,000 in dividends during 1899.

(University of Oklahoma Library)

Crowd in front of the Bob Ford tent Saloon which formed within ten minutes of his murder by Edward Kelley.

As a result a few claims were established, though mostly at Sunnyside.

J.C. McKenzie and H.M. Bennett located the Alpha at Sunnyside on April 24, 1883. On July 1, 1884, Bennett and McKenzie, along with James A. Wilson, staked out the Bachelor Claim near the present site of Creede. However, little yielded from these claims and no discoveries were reported in that area from 1886 until August of 1889.

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when Nicholas C. Creede, E.R. Naylor, and G.L. Smith located the Holy Moses Mine on Campbell Mountain.

The following summer, Creede located the Ethel Claim and C.F. Nelson located the Solomon Claim. The mining district thus formed, which lies just east of the Sunnyside District, was called the King Solomon District.

(Creede was located in this area which later became part of Mineral County, one of the last counties to be established—Mineral County was formed in 1893—in Colorado. Mineral County lies in the south-central part of Colorado, just west of the San Louis Valley and near the continental divide. Mineral county's topography is mountainous and rugged with altitudes ranging from 8,250 feet in the east, to 13,000 feet in the San Juan Range.)

N.C. Creede subsequently had a hand in locating the Amethyst Lode and the Last Chance Lode, which he discovered on August 8, 1891—in both cases Creede was under another's employ, consequently receiving little compensation for his finds.

Mining was actively pushed in the Creede District during the late 1880's and the early 1890's, with 1892 the best year on record

(University of Oklahoma Library)

(University of Oklahoma Library)

Bob Ford's funeral procession.

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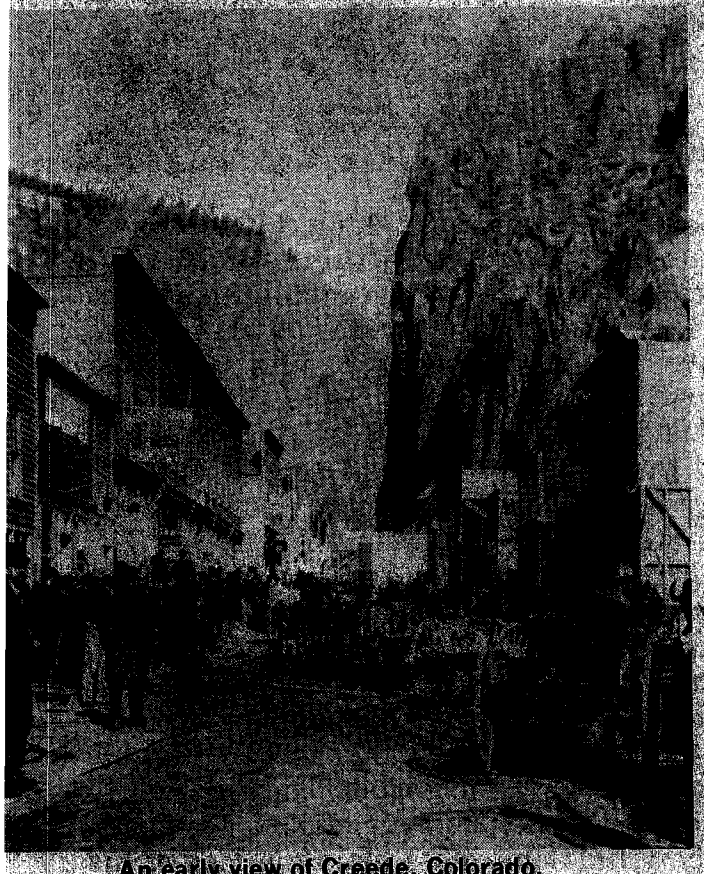
Creede, Colorado, after its destruction by fire.



(State Historical Society of Colorado)

An early view of Creede, Colorado.

for that area. Combined production (gold, silver, and lead) for the Creede District in 1892 was $4,150,946.

By 1892 the Last Chance and the Amethyst mines were the largest producers in Creede. In that year M.E. Smith, Agent for Colorado, in a report from the Director of the Mint in Denver, listed production for the Ethyl and Holy Moses mines at $65,220 in gold and 59,317 ounces of silver, which was worth about $1.29 per ounce at that time. The report gave combined production reports for the Amethyst, Bachelor, Del Monte, and Last Chance mines. The total for these mines was $25,932 in gold and 2,366,778 ounces of silver.

The town of Creede practically sprang into existence overnight following N.C. Creede's discovery of the Holy Moses Mine. Creede came to be located in a canyon so small there was room enough for only one principle street. Towering rock escarpments carefully defined

(Continued on page 51)

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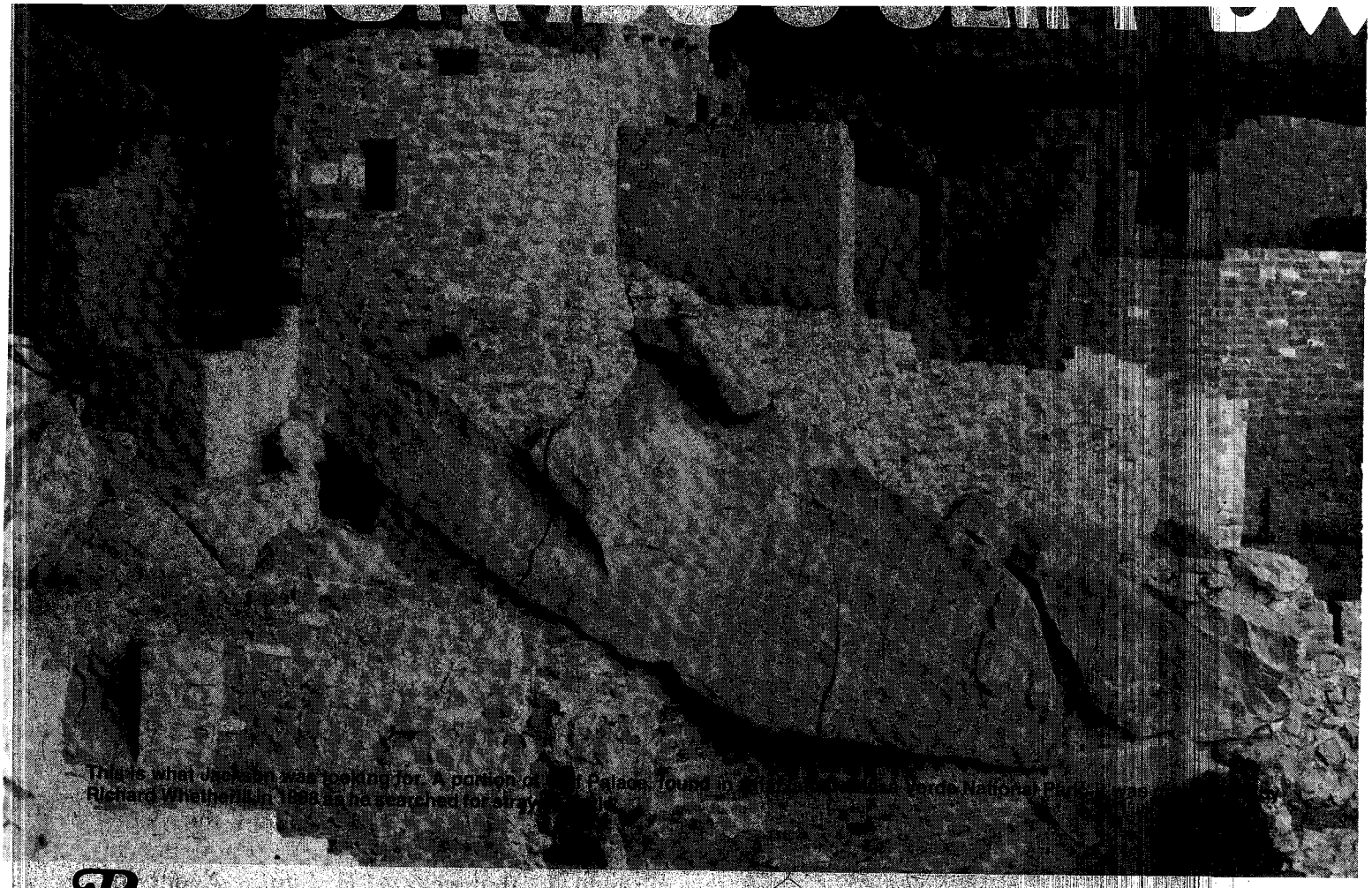

This is what Jackson was looking for. A portion of [illegible] Palace, found in [illegible] Mesa Verde National Park. [illegible] Richard Wetherill in 1888 as he searched for [illegible]

Back when the first county election was held in Southwest Colorado on September 8, 1874, political stumping, barbeques, rallies and picnics were less splashy affairs than they are today. The ballyhoo may have been different, but the hopes were the same. According to the old American custom, every vote counted, and no one knew this better than "Captain" John Moss. In La Plata County, the only office in contest that day was for County Clerk and Recorder—and Moss had his eye on it.

But what Moss did not know at the time was that his quest for votes would lead to the first historic photograph of Colorado cliff houses.

John Moss had many things on his mind in those days in Colorado. Prospectors had been moving into the La Plata Mountains, looking for gold and staking claims that required registration. In this section of the Territory the closest place to file on a claim was in Howardsville, north of what is now Silverton, and some sixty miles away over three rugged mountain passes. Claims were often jumped before they could be registered by the original owner. The guy with the fastest horse could get to Howardsville "firstest" to file on the claim.

This was not exactly an acceptable practice, especially if any claims by Moss were involved. As a result, he persuaded the Territorial Legislature to divide Lake County, with a main office in Leadville, and to create county seats that would be more accessible to the growing population. The idea was to provide them within one day's ride of each other, and John Moss liked the idea of his

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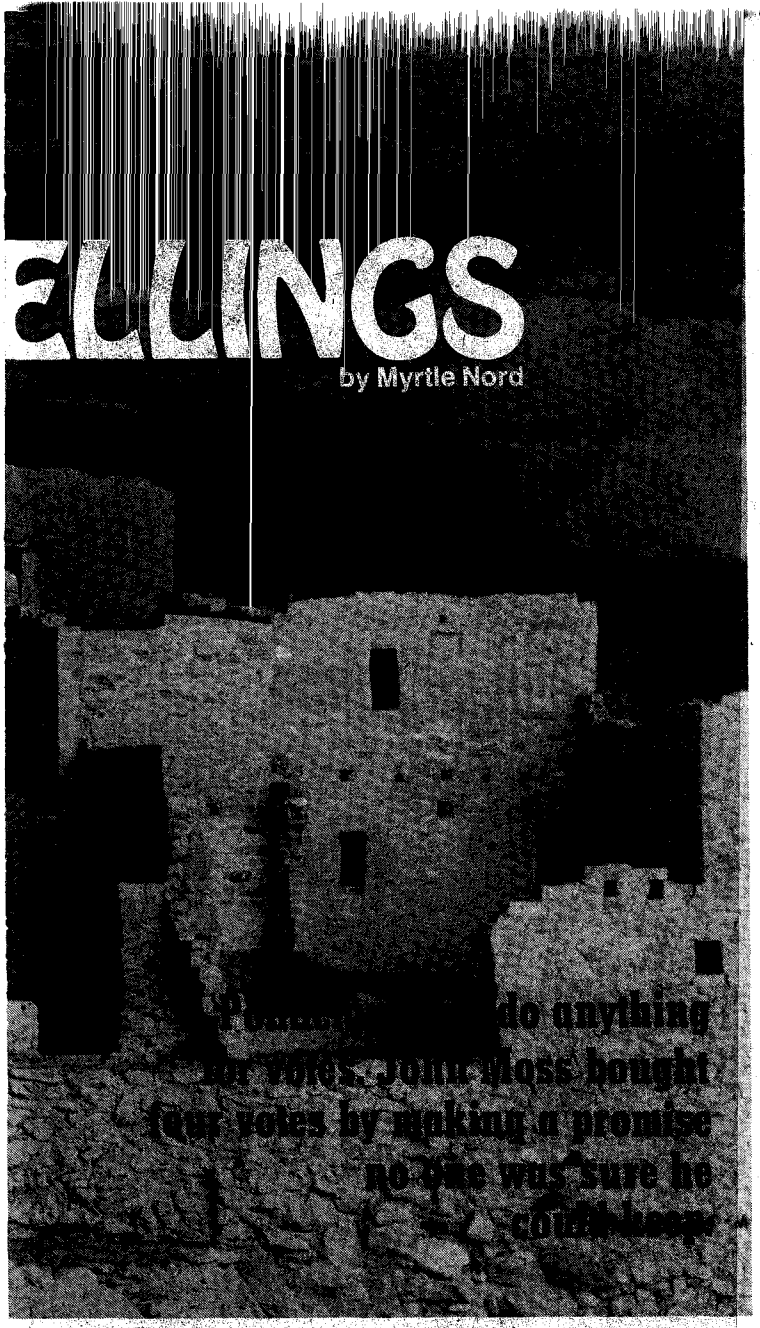
ELLINGS

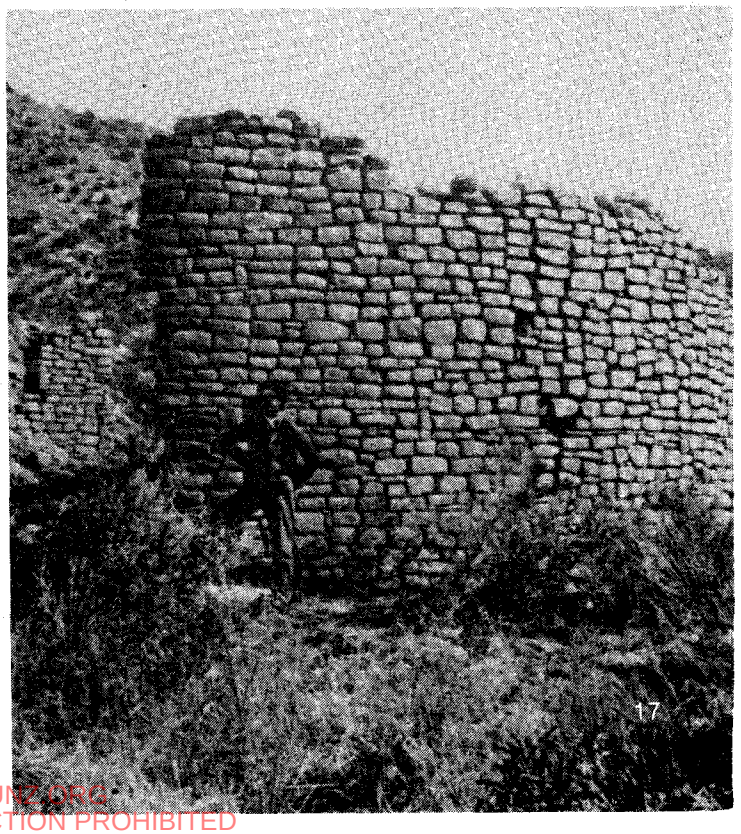
by Myrtle Nord



(All photos courtesy State Historical Society of Colorado)

"Captain" John Moss, engineer, prospector, and first public servant of La Plata County, Colorado, elected as County Clerk and Recorder on September 8, 1874.

John Moss stand in front of a cliff dwelling ruin. Taken by William H. Jackson on a return trip after his initial visit in 1874 to Mancos Canyon.



own county seat.

The homesteaders settling in the valleys wanted closer land offices, and had put up their own man for election. So the forthcoming election campaign was split between the two factions—John Moss and the homesteaders' man.

As a promoter, Moss knew the ropes. He had established his own private treaty with the Ute Indians that afforded him and his men safe passage through their reservation. He had also just organized the thirty-six square-mile California Mining District around his mining property, smack in the middle of three million acres of mineral land that the U. S. Government had just purchased from the Utes under the Brunot Treaty of April, 1874. The treaty had been signed

(Continued on page 64)

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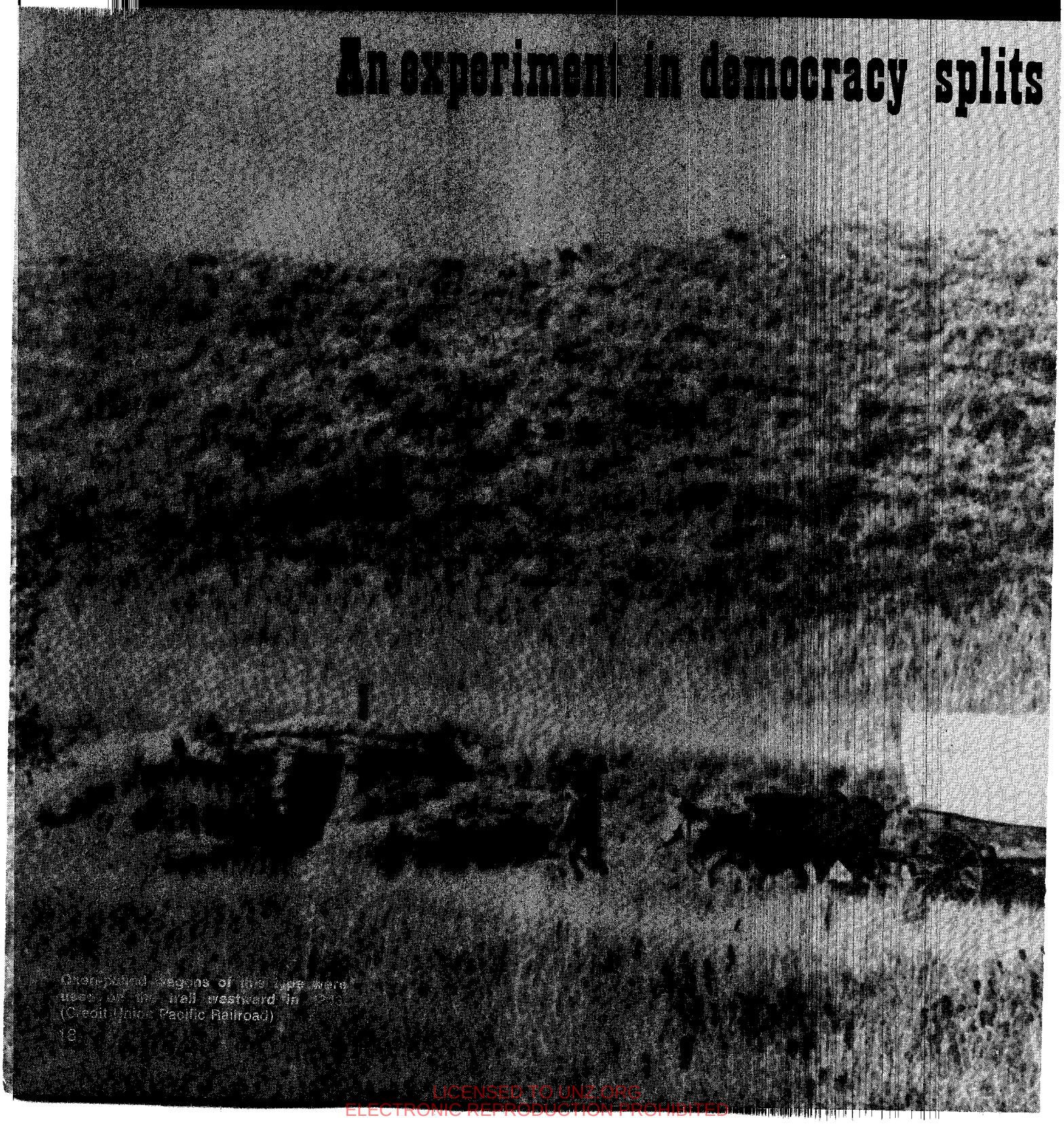
THE WAG TRAIN OF

An experiment in democracy splits



Open-ruled wagons of the type were used on the trail westward in [illegible]
(Credit Union Pacific Railroad)

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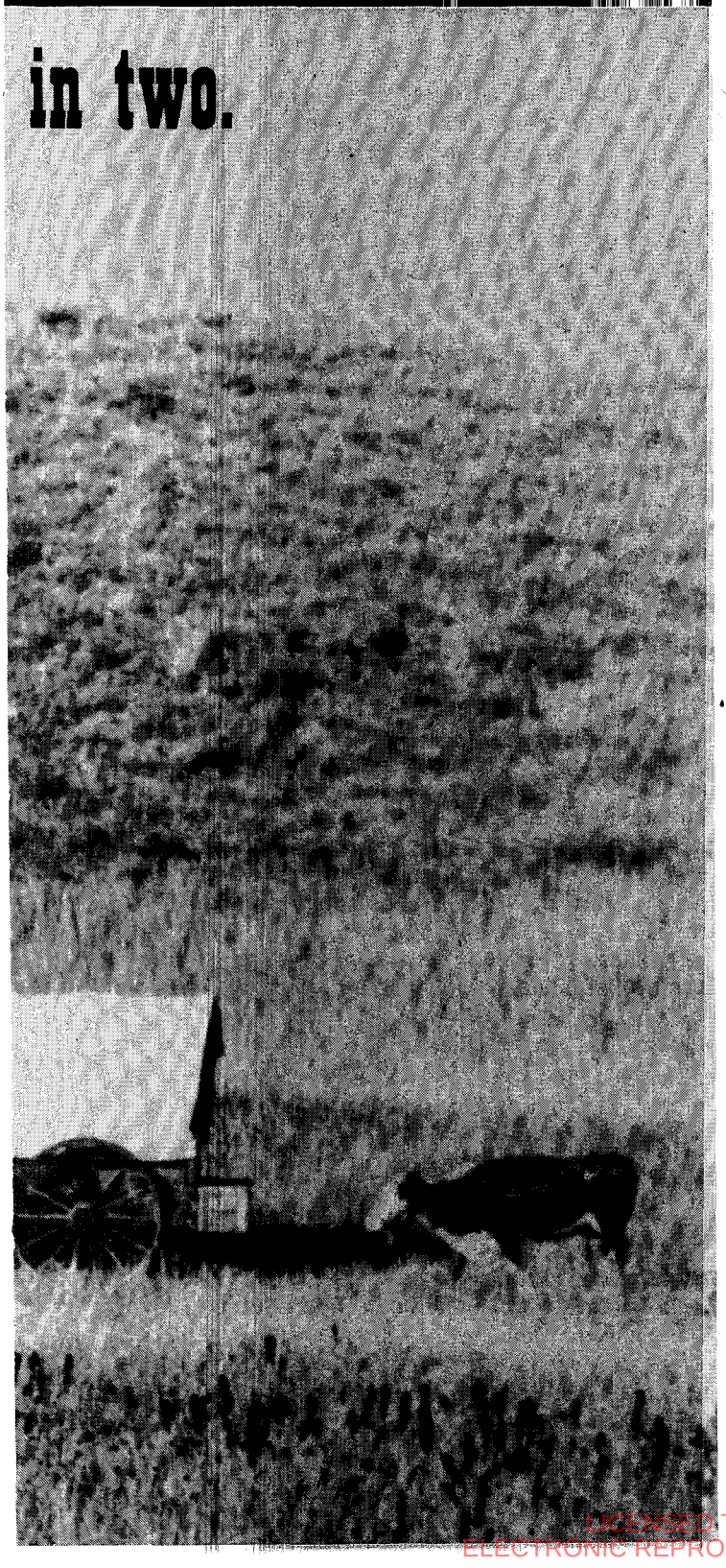
ON 1843 in two.



By Edwin R. Copeland

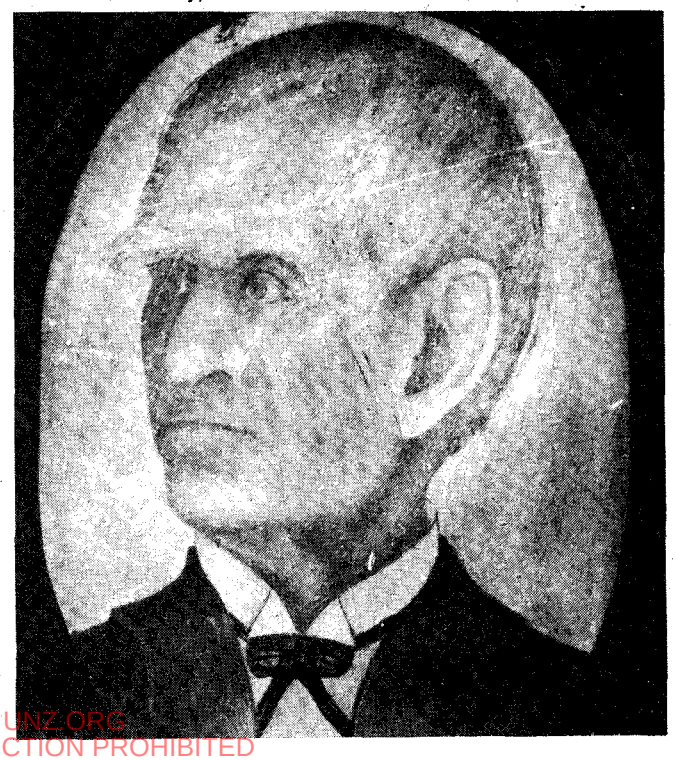
Spring came late that year, and the ice in the Missouri River hung on until April 11th. But by mid-May more than one hundred wagons, carrying one thousand persons (260 men, 130 women and 610 children) and a mixed herd of 5000 cattle with almost a like number of exen and horses—all Oregon bound—camped just beyond the State line about twelve miles west of Independence, Missouri. On May 22nd this unwieldy conglomerate of man, and beast, wheels and dust began to creep slowly west. And for several days other wagons caught up with the big parade and fell in line.

Of course, this "Great Migration of 1843" didn't just happen. It was the result of a monumentous emotional build-up. The heat of public sentiment favoring it, was second only to the fervor of Moses in negotiating his famous flight from Egypt. Two schools of thought existed in those days in the United States; Easterners, in general, favored leaving our boundaries as they were. However, the "manifest destiny" people were almost fanatical in their conviction that our borders should be pushed clear to the Pacific Coast.

A leader in the manifest destiny movement was Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri. From his home in St. Louis, the transfer point between eastern and western boat transportation, he watched town after town spring up as outfitting stations for western emigration. Many of his constituents were in the trapping and fur business, others traded along the Santa Fe Trail. On the Senate floor Benton read the petitions of Hall Kelley for national aid to settlement in Oregon, and told of the competition the Hudson's Bay Company was giving us in the fur country. Perhaps no one was more aware, than Benton, of the Indian missionary activities in Oregon, both Catholic and Protestant.

Dr. Marcus Whitman, an Oregon missionary, had just visited Washington and made a strong appeal to

Jesse Applegate—proved himself to be a great organizer and leader of the cattle portion of the calvacade. (Credit Oregon Historical Society)



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Peter H. Burnett, first elected "president" of the "state on wheels" which moved to Oregon in 1843. (Credit Oregon Historical Society)

the Secretary of War and others to save Oregon for the Union. It was well known, too, that other major powers beside the U.S. had designs on Oregon and California. The English had colonized all along the Coast; to them Canada came as far south, at least, as Fort Vancouver, and The Dalles on the Columbia River. They appointed their first British consul to California in early 1843. France had set the wheels in motion to put a consul in California as early as 1842. The United States did not get around to appointing Thomas O. Larkin, consul to California, until 1844. What was the purpose of the consuls? They were the *avant garde* of each nation aspiring, by one means or another, to possess the land: Mexico, for example, was heavily in debt to Great Britain and many high English officials wanted Mexico to settle accounts by deeding California to England.

Ostensibly the consuls were businessmen, but in truth they were in Monterey primarily to protect their country's interests, look after the well-being of their country's colonists, and make regular reports to their respective home governments, on the actions, temper, military or naval gestures of competing governments. Each country was anxious to plant its own colonies on the Pacific Coast; possession is nine points of the law.

And then there were the popular, much-publicized expeditions of Lieutenant John C. Fremont. With congressional approval (no doubt influenced by Senator Benton of Missouri) Fremont, Kit Carson, L. Maxwell, Topographer Charles Preuss and a party of twenty-odd men set out early in 1842 to inspect and map the overland route from the Missouri frontier to South Pass (the major portion of the Oregon Trail.) This gave promise of the availability of an authentic government map covering most of the emigrant trail, free to travelers at government expense by Spring of 1843. No doubt everyone who converged on Independence, Missouri, that mid-May came with a copy of Fremont's map—a map showing the best road, watering places, and where the grass was greenest.

But above and beyond all this, was the American quest of adventure, augmented by any number of individual reasons: the recent financial panic caused many to seek their fortunes in a new land where they could own a section of land by merely staking it out. Others were wearied by the apparently unsolvable slavery issue; in a new country they could forget their prejudices. And there were the inevitable soldiers of fortune, jumping at the chance to go along just for the hell of it.

Peter H. Burnett, a young attorney of Weston, Missouri, had every reason to contract "Oregon fever." He was deeply in debt, his wife was ill (the doctors said the trip would either kill her or cure her) and his creditors believed, as he did, that a fresh start in a new land might enable him to settle up his accounts sooner than if he stayed at home. So he set to work to organize a wagon company, visiting the surrounding counties and making speeches on public squares and wherever he could find an audience. His campaign was successful. Others, carrying on similar campaigns were equally successful. Thus, Burnett and his wife left home and made toward the rendezvous, May 8th, with two ox wagons, one small two-horse wagon, four yoke of oxen, *(Continued on page 54)*

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STANDING BEAR'S CONTRIBUTION TO JUSTICE FOR ALL AMERICAN INDIANS

Standing Bear was subjected to hardships as a result of Federal Government actions that no man should have to endure.

by Vera Holding

STANDING Bear, one of the Ponca chiefs, took one bold step which meant a giant step down the long, rugged journey toward justice for the American Indian.

The Ponca were amongst the most peaceable and perhaps the most friendly tribes of American Indians. They lived for more than a century in the country near the L'eau-qui-court at its source in the Black Hills. They raised corn, harvested plentiful crops and lived well. However, the many depredations and attacks from the warring Sioux forced them to become hunters rather than farmers.

As an example of their kindness, the Poncas welcomed a small group of Morman settlers and made a place for them in a Niobrara village. It was near Genoa, Nebraska. The Mormons had brought along a small cannon which probably prompted the Ponca to make them welcome because it would be so useful. The Mormons, called "Monmona," were given privileges and provisions to tide them over, and they were assigned a camp near the "Gray Blanket" village until they could join their comrades in the West.

The Ponca made semi-annual buffalo hunts but in 1855 the prowling Sioux war parties had cut them off from the buffalo plains. They were fearful of leaving their villages even to farm outlying fields. Thus they were often near starvation.

Adding to their woes were the White settlers who were beginning to settle the valuable bottomland fields. In 1857, the Ponca destroyed the Niobrara saw mill and stole various items in protest against the government's neglect.

In 1858 the Ponca signed a treaty by which they ceded to the Federal government all lands which they owned and claimed; except a tract bounded as follows: "Beginning at a point on Niobrara river 20 miles due north so as to intersect the Ponca river 25 miles north of its mouth; thence from said point of intersection up the river 20 miles then due south to the Niobrara river; thence down said river to the place of beginning." For this concession the government promised to protect the tribe in the remainder of their domain. This was the reservation which was to be a permanent home to secure them and their property. Later in 1865 the Ponca ceded 80,000 more acres of their reserve to the U. S. at the urgent solicitation of the government.

Rewarding them for their constant fidelity and cooperation the government ceded certain lands back to them including their cornfields and old burying grounds making the actual reservation 96,000 acres.

In the spring of 1859 the Ponca started on their usual hunt but met a combined war party of Brule, Oglala and Cheyenne at the headwaters of the Elkhorn river. They attacked the Ponca hunting group, killing Heavy

(Continued on page 57)

Standing Bear, peaceful Ponca chief. A man of unlimited perserverance and patience.

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GAMBLING GALS AND THEIR PALS

These wild women were intoxicated with the freedom of the frontier and with the energy of gambling tables.

by Lily-B Rozar

The bold and the brash made up the brave but wicked Western world. Along with the pathfinders and pioneers came gamblers—with a passion that helped to fire the West. King of the gamblers was Luke Short who was respected for dealing a square game.

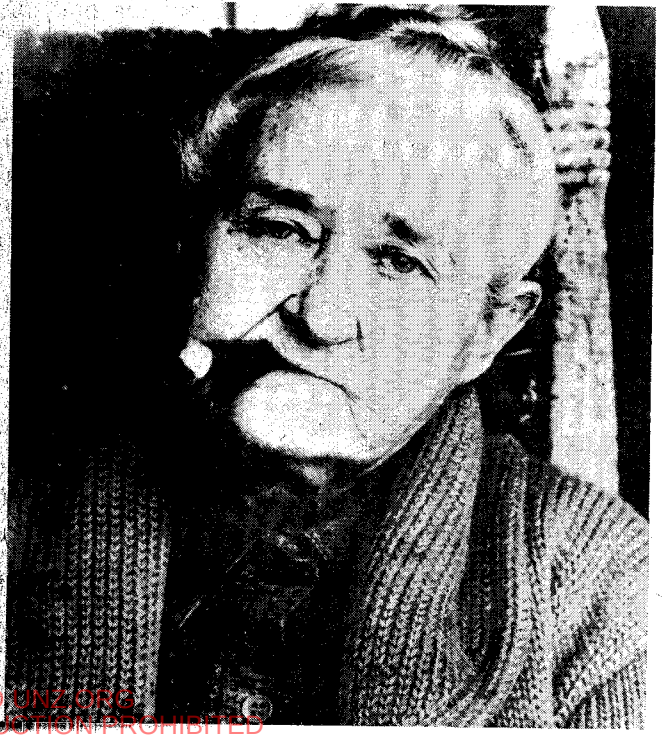
Luke was a small, self-sufficient man who lived by his Colt .45, and by fifty-two pasteboards. Because he tolerated no nonsense, he became known as the undertaker's friend. Because he wore the flashy clothes of a dude, he was called "fancy pants." But everyone knew that wherever Luke Short wandered, he promised a "quick deal and a fast draw."

Luke Short's female counterpart was Madame Vestal. Contrary to connotations her name may suggest, Madame Vestal promoted nothing but a chance to win something for nothing. The only girls she employed were those who helped to operate the various games in the huge tent on Denver's Blake Street. One such girl was Fanny Dans who did nothing but keep cash at the faro bank.

Before coming to the burning and brawling West, Madame Vestal lived a teeming and exciting life as Belle Siddons, a Confederate spy. Formerly, she was a belle of St. Louis high society. After the war, she married Dr. Newt Hallett of Kansas City. They lived in Texas for a while. When her husband died, Belle became a dealer in a gambling house. She followed the gun smoked trail to Wichita, Ellsworth, Fort Hays in Kansas—and on to Cheyenne, Wyoming. She made all the camps in between. And it is said

Eleanore Dumont known as Madame Mustache in her later days, was a firebrand from France. (Credit Denver Public Library Western Collection)

Alice Ivers Tubbs better known as Poker Alice, enjoyed fineries as well as a good black cigar. (credit Denver Public Library Western Collection)



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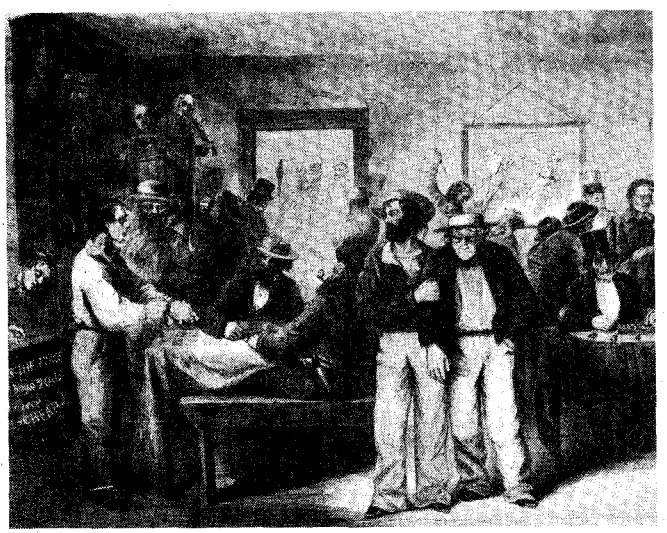

Gambling scene at Pikes Peak—from Frank Leslie's illustrated newspaper, Jan. 9, 1864. (credit State Historical Society of Colorado)

that she changed names each time she changed towns.

In Madame Vestal's hey-day, she was young and lovely. She had beautiful brown eyes and dark hair. And, whereas most gamblers wore a poker face, this gambling lady was cool, though charming. She spoke softly and her smile was veiled with intrigue.

She was an expert twenty-one dealer—and an honest one. Her customers found it almost a pleasure to lose to her —because of her charm and honesty. With such admiration, she gave Ed Chase plenty of competition.

Ed Chase was known as the Gambling Czar. He and his brother John operated the famous Cricket Hall in Denver. However, Chase had other gambling dens which netted him profits to make him a rich man.

Madame Vestal never cared about a fancy hall for her gambling staff and equipment. She operated under a big tent, and when the boom died down in one place she moved on to greater pay-dirt. She owned her own freight wagon in which she transported her canvas PALACE OF CHANCE, dealers, case keepers, and spindlemen.

Madame Vestal was a loner; until she met Archie Cummings, whose real name was Archie McLaughlin. Archie had been a Quantrill Raider back on the Kansas border. After that experience, he became a road agent. Following this criminal career, he obtained much wealth by the time he reached Deadwood. It was there he met Madame Vestal —who by that time was calling herself Lurline Monte Verde.

The mysterious Monte Verde fell madly in love with Archie. Soon after coming to Deadwood, he was arrested for stagecoach holdup between Deadwood and Rapid City. Archie confessed, and was to stand trial for grand larceny. But the Vigilantes over-powered the law and took Archie and his pals to a cottonwood grove and hanged them.

Broken hearted, Madame Vestal took poison. It failed to kill her. She tried to drown herself in booze and opium. Naturally, in such a state, she lost her business. Afterward, she became a roaming twenty-one dealer who floated to Leadville, New Mexico, Arizona and ended up in California—where she died.

Anna Guth was another feminine gambler who did well in Denver. Little is recorded about her except about the turn of the century she was "Denver's Gambling Queen."

One of the most famous feminine gamblers of the Wild West was Eleanore Dumont, a firebrand from France. She operated games in every boom town on the flamboyant frontier. And, wherever she set up her gambling equipment, she became a big success. She did so well in Nevada City, California, that she found it necessary to take on an assistant. Handsome Dave Tobin proved to be just the man for the job. He was paid a sizable salary plus a percentage of the take.

In a short time, Dave became Eleanore's lover, as well as her partner. Under Dave's expert management, the two accumulated a lot of gold. But young Dave became greedy. He demanded a bigger take. Eleanor refused. He threatened to quit her. But Eleanore Dumont wasn't one to be intimidated. She paid him what she owed him and told him to get going—which he did. Afterwards, she was sorry she acted so rashly. A few months later, she heard that Dave had died in New York.

The dark French beauty continued to follow the boom camps where the brawling bad men were active in gunplay and gambling.

Elegant Eleanore wasn't content with the gambler's gold dust. She wanted all she could get from the grubby miners. Knowing they were willing to pay for a few hours of pleasure, she opened a plush parlor for that purpose.

The mercenary madame established gambling halls wherever there were new strikes. And as she followed the shabby settlements, she became a rich woman. She invested some of her wealth in a cattle ranch near Carson City. Soon after, she met and married a Colonel Kit Carruthers.

Carruthers soon fast talked Madame Dumont into putting her property and money in his name. Then he sold the property and skipped the country. He, too, died shortly afterward—shot by a gunman. Once again, Eleanore learned her man was lost forever.

Eleanore gradually lost her good looks. As she grew older and more wrinkled her upper lip became heavy with hair and Madame Dumont became known as Madame Moustache.

She was never able to save up a nest egg. Each time she got a little ahead, swindlers managed to get it away from her.

(Continued on page 66)

Luke Short was a dapper gent with a 'quick deal and a fast draw.' (Credit Kansas Historical Society)

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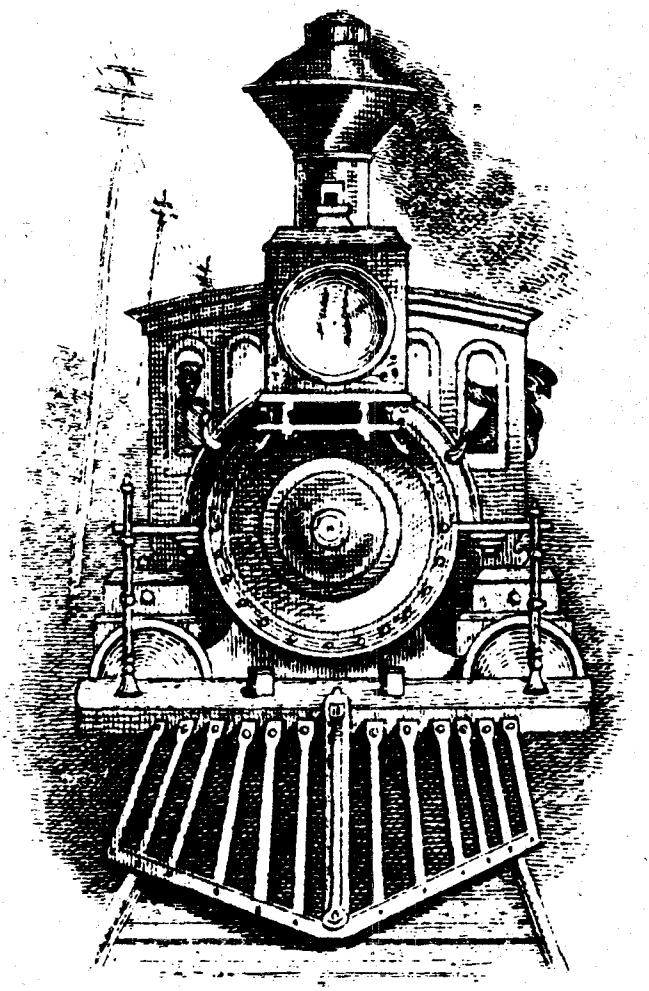

ASTRIDE THE IRON HORSE AND RIDING WEST!

Leo Rosenhouse

An adventure only the strong willed dared to endure.

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Shortly after the Golden Spike had been driven into the wooden ties at Promontory, Utah, early in May, 1869, the big surge of the migration west became a reality. Although census takers struggled to keep some kind of tabulation on the great numbers moving to the Far West, estimates of those who had migrated was only guess work until a comprehensive census occurred in 1870. By then, it has to be presumed that several hundreds of thousands of pioneers had reached the Pacific Coast and nearby points by means of the popular Iron Horse. The appearance of this smoke-belching iron monster had quickly ended a familiar sight on the plains. . . the caravans of covered wagons.

Taking the long train journey from the New England Coast to San Francisco, in the period between 1870 and 1900, was a rather arduous affair because most of the coaches were spartan in construction and comforts. The old found the journey tedious and distressing; but the young thought it to be the greatest adventure ever! For them, a train ride was a prestige item to be cherished and related to others.

It is believed almost ten million people used trains from 1870 to 1900 and many came west aboard the Iron Horse in preference to the risky journey by sea on a swift clipper ship that had to sail round the Horn or dock at the Isthmus of Panama on the Atlantic side.

The Central & Union Pacific Railroad charged $140. for a first class fare between New York and San Francisco, and second-class fares, the most popular form of travel, cost $110. However, rate wars were common and as railroad lines competed for colonists,—a then prevalent description of emigrants,—it was possible at times to head west for ridiculously low fares of $6. to $8.00 per adult, and in one rate war, the fare across the continent was but one dollar for an hour on March 6, 1887, as the Southern Pacific and Santa Fe fought each other for business. They had homesteads to sell as well as fares.

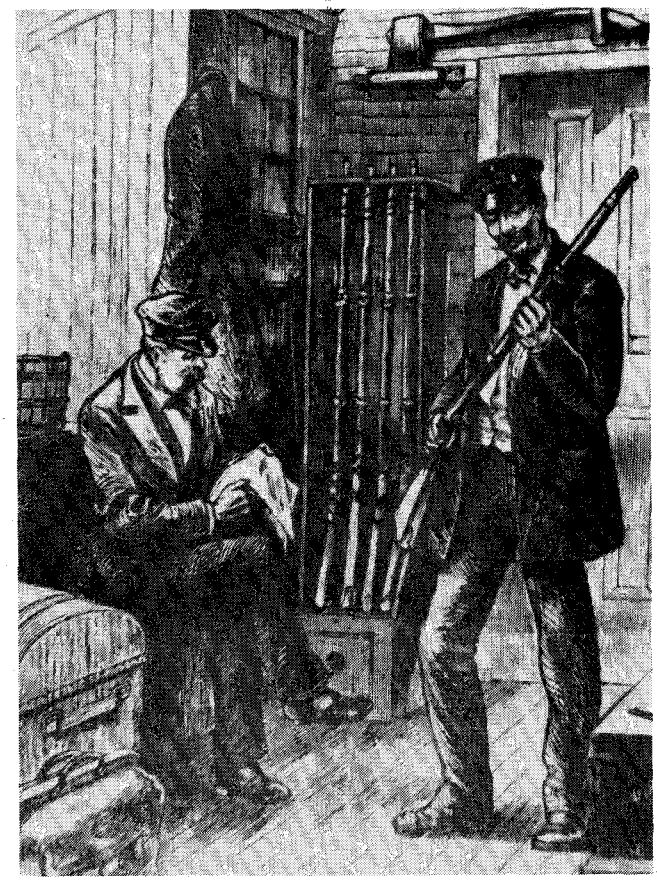
Most passengers traveled at regular rates and had to save for months and years to make the trip as money in the 1800's was worth far more than now.

The emigrant traveled on wooden cars able to seat up to 60 persons. Most were manned by honest, hard-working career conductors who were kind to passengers, but there were enough greedy train masters to create problems by over charging passengers en route.

In the 1870's, a railroad coach cost about $2,000 to build. It was sturdy and spartan in design, not much better than box cars today. The coaches had hard wooden plank seats, and passengers had to come prepared with cushions and blankets to avoid backaches.

Frequently, the continuous rough movement of the train would invite splinters in embarrassing areas of the anatomy. Women padded themselves heavily to avoid this predicament.

Because the early locomotives had no adequate screen device over their puffing smoke and steam stacks, and passenger cars had open platforms between cars, a constant cloud of pollution poured through cars, and anyone wearing light colored clothing soon seemed to be dressed in black.



One of the duties of train conductors in the late 1800's was to check their arsenal nightly.

It was not unusual for every passenger to come aboard a train carrying a lightweight scarf which was worn like a surgical gauze mask to help prevent inhalation of soot and gases.

Although the railroads glorified the trip to the Far West and told of the remarkable scenery enroute, about the only truthful information in their often brilliantly decorated poster displays, were references to the sights and the posted schedules. The railroads did pass through spectacular country, and they tried to run on time. Many would become ill enroute and had to leave the trains at way stations. Among the very old, a delay at a desolate stop during a winter blizzard was at times fatal. Passengers suffered most from being unable to take care of their vital and very personal elimination needs; apprehension from possible Indian and bandit attacks; and the worry about guarding their money and valuables from sneak thieves on the trains.

In the beginning, there were no ticket agents along the early western station stops. Copying the Erie Railroad, western lines allowed conductors the possession of a tin box with ten dollars in small change at the start of a trip. The conductor would collect fares, guard his money, and use the telegraph line to tap messages, telling his home office how much had been taken in fares. The money was quickly claimed by special messengers at larger stations and deposited in banks enroute to avoid hold ups.

Cheating was a common practice aboard the jerky trains during the 1870's. Seemingly, numerous railroad men riding the Iron Horse felt justified in robbing their

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own rail line. Salaries were then dismal and conductors went down the line of seated passengers demanding fares as soon as the train was in motion. Then, a day or two later, after most of the large cities and places of organized law and order were far behind, the conductor, usually assisted by a burly member of the train crew, came down the aisles again demanding bonuses.

If passengers were out of money, they had to part with valued watches, jewelry, and even clothing. Anyone who refused, was unceremoniously dumped at the next frequent stop, and this even included helpless women and children. It was a vicious practice.

Not until railroads began to issue printed tickets and provided stated fares plus areas along the ticket to be punched by the conductor as travel zones were reached, was the passenger able to hold on to his reserves of cash. In order to break the the system of "knock-downs," where passengers paid bonuses, the railroads began to hire "spotters" to detect dishonest employees. The spotters were soon derisively referred to as "train-dicks," but they helped keep greedy trainmen in line.

The plush railroad cars began to make their appearances in the 1880's, but before then, most passenger cars were not much better than cattle cars. Each car had one or two oil lamps to provide illumination which reached only a few seats. The lamps burned the cheapest lard oil, so impure, that black smoke from these lanterns competed with the soot from the smoke stacks.

Some passengers had to bring their own small coal stoves to keep from freezing when crossing the Great Plains in winter. The early trains had no pot bellied stoves because heating a coach was a risky affair. A jerked type of stop tended to turn stoves over. Not until they were bolted to the floor and anchored over a wide sheet of tin to protect against fire, did wood or coal stoves finally come into use on early coaches.

Sleep was sometimes difficult. Seats were short and stiff, and the fancy Pullmans, which appeared by 1858, were not for the second-class passengers who had to ride the "Emigrant" trains, also called "Colonist" trains. Many also referred to them as "Zulu" cars, a popular phrase of the day, possibly arising from the simile between one emigrant coach chained to another (relating to the outrageous fashion Zulu warriors were reported chaining prisoners sold to the slave trade).

Because so many of the men aboard trains were

Lavish dining cars where ten to twelve course meals were served, were only for the very rich passengers. A gourmet meal cost 75c!

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Second class travel for emigrants. Crowded cars and hard seats afforded little sleep to passengers.

migrants and used rough language, in addition to showing a lack of gentility the women were frequently protected by conductors in that they were assigned a "ladies" car, usually a coach for women and children only.

Most emigrants came aboard their trains at New York, and had with them huge picnic lunch baskets meant to last the six to ten day trip to the Far West, a journey that often took days longer.

When such food ran out, the aggressive "news-butchers" took over. These were groups of young men anxious to make quick money. Some had deals worked out with conductors to shorten the frequent train stops at way stations so passengers had but a few minutes to dash from the coach in search of food and supplies from a nearby grocery. Except for long stops in large towns, there was hardly time for the passenger to rush into a restaurant for a hot and nourishing meal.

The news butchers made their real profits after leaving Salt Lake City, where the stretches ahead were vast and the tiny stations not equipped to serve proper food. All day, and through much of the night, they would sell such items as tinned and salted beef and jerky, dry crackers, bread and sausage. In addition, they carried hard candies and large supplies of salted nuts.

Just about everything sold aboard was heavily coated with salt, and for a purpose in that the early cars had no drinking fountains. Water buckets with a common dip ladle soon ran dry, and news butchers, whose jobs were to fill them, tended to "forget" this chore.

Instead, they would parade the aisles, selling weak tea and water at ridiculous prices, and the passengers would buy. It was either that or suffer the agony of a long thirst. Many passengers hurried to the pumps in the washrooms at the ends of the trains, but these were emptied deliberately after their morning use and kept dry.

In addition to water and food, the news butchers did sell newssheets and periodicals, but made great profits from the sale of health potions. Cheap and worthless mineral water, guaranteed to return the color to pale soot-covered cheeks, and purgatives, plus sleeping potions were the fastest movers.

Later, competing merchants bought concessions at station stops and began to sell freshly cooked hash, and bacon with beans, plus all types of beverages, and the news butchers faded and turned to selling candies, postcards, and papers, as *(Continued on page 49)*

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CRYING SQUAW

She manipulated her way through a man's world by means of her shrewd mind.

By Maurice Kildare

She came down along the creek wearing the same rough clothes all miners did in the California goldfields. Arriving on the first claim she stopped where two partners worked a rocker.

"Boys, I'm starved out at my diggings," she began, big tears beading down tanned cheeks. "I'm plumb out of sow belly and beans. Got to go out with just what I've got on."

Both listened sympathetically as she continued her tear spilling, heart rendering story. According to her she had found no gold and had had nothing to eat for the past two days. The situation was sure tough for her, a woman alone.

Pulling out their pokes they began pinching dust from it. She just happened to have an empty buckskin pouch. How else would it be but empty? Into it their largesse went.

"Get some grub and keep trying," one miner told her. "You're bound to hit it near bedrock. This is the richest placer in the world."

He told the truth in most respects. Along the creek and in the short side gulches gold had been discovered by the Dr. Thaddeus Hildreth party in March, 1850. After that $87,000,000 had been taken out by miners from only 640 acres. The gravel and sand, varying from thirty to sixty feet in depth to bedrock was filled with coarse gold.

A month after the Hildreth party got there 6,000 men were toiling like ants. The diggings was first named Hildreth then renamed Columbia.

Men from all nations were attracted to the stupenduous bonanza, and some women. Most were camp followers, dancehall girls and inmates of bordellos. So far as can be determined the comely young woman known as the "Crying Squaw" was the only one who panned for gold. She was white, not an Indian. She was so named because of the tearful pleas she made to miners working their placers to wheedle gold from them.

No sooner thanking the two at the rocker than she went on to the next placer, repeating her weeping tale of being destitute and on the verge of starvation. Others soon contributed to her again empty poke with many pinches of dust. She carried a larger one inside a voluminous hickory shirt much too big for her slender torso into which each take was emptied.

By sundown she had accumulated two large buckskin pokes full of gold from the richest producing claims.

Returning by a round-about trail so as not to be seen she gained her cabin on a slope and changed attire entirely. Her real name was thought to be Anna Marie Getzenberg but no one in either Columbia or the county seat of Sonora, five miles away, ever knew or they did not remember it.

Wearing a sombre gray and black dress, high topped shoes but with a straw hat pinned on black haired head she walked into Columbia. Denizens of more than thirty saloons in which gambling went on knew her. Her favorite game was faro.

Trading dust for chips she entered a game, having indifferent luck until about nine o'clock. Making two quick killings, she quit and cashed in.

All the stage drivers and freight train hostlers knew her for she travelled with them frequently. She took passage on a stage to Sonora for some of the miners filched that day might be coming into Columbia.

In Sonora she went immediately to a popular place and entered another Faro game. Her winnings were no good and she lost the dust until down to half a poke. Out of chips, she impulsively shoved the poke onto the table, betting on the order of the last cards in the box. If she guessed right the pay off would be four to one.

The banker, a stern faced man of middle age eyed her speculatively. She had been there before. This was the Crying Squaw's favorite last ditch bet. She won about as often as losing. Then he slowly withdrew the last three cards one by one.

When they lay face up, the last one not counting, she had won a huge sum of gold. For a long minute she merely stared at the cards without any enthusiasm. Picking up her poke the banker called for a house man. In turn he weighed out her dust and then multiplied it by four times the sum it amounted to.

Going to the bar she got space at the front and ordered a drink. Before she lifted the glass two miners who had known her the past six months bellied up.

"Howdy, boys," she greeted them, and bought a round of drinks. This night she felt in a very mellow mood.

"Howdy-do, ma'm," they replied and in turn bought the drinks.

She asked, "Did I ever tell you about the time I roped the bear?"

"Reckon not, ma'm," one of them replied solemnly, nudging his friend to keep quiet. They had not only heard her one and only story a dozen times but had also contributed dust to her sprees.

"Well, boys, it happened up there in them hills above my sorry claim," she began. "Was riding my horse looking for to shoot some fresh deer meat when I ran across this huge brown bear.

"Thinks I for sure, here's some fresh meat and cut down on the critter. But my load missed fire. That monstruous bear was charging like a hurricane. Dropping the useless gun I grabbed my saddle rope quick as a flash, built a loop and dabbed it on the bear. But the critter hit my horse before I could get going to drag him down.

"He hit so hard, piled me and the horse over on the left side. I got clear in the spill and seeing that bear was going to glom onto me, lit out running down the hillside to my cabin.

"Well, boys, I barely got inside when here comes that bear riding my horse. He was snorting and pitching around trying

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to get rid of the bear. Seeing the open door he come right on inside. The door was low and the bear critter in the saddle was knocked off to the ground.

"It ran off lickety-split for tall timber. I guess it wore my rope until plumb frazzled into twine.

"Boys, that was a most horrifying experience. The lesson is, always see that your shooting iron will fire when you need it in a desperate situation."

The miner said solemnly, "Ma'm, that must of been one bodacious trail for you. It is most lucky that you escaped alive."

Men who heard her oft repeated bear story believed that part of it was probably true but surely not the last half. She did own a horse, grazed on goldless ground in the hills out of the gulch. She was also a good rider, a crack shot and apparently had grown up on a ranch somewhere.

After gambling and drinking the balance of the night in Sonora she took the first morning stage back to Columbia. Returning to her claim she dressed in a man's working clothes and began digging out gold again. Her periodic spree having ended she turned to work very industriously.

Her claim required considerable more labor than those on the creek proper. The gravel had to be taken out on top and transported to the shallow stream for panning. The ditches that had been put in by the miners' organized water company to supply the lower placers did not reach her own. It was too high up the slope.

Miners in the diggings did not believe there was any worthwhile gold in her ground. That slope had been prospected before her arrival and long ago abandoned as worthless. Few miners had found a single color. Hence, her tear jerking story of having no dust to buy grub and gamble now and then was accepted at full face value.

If some miner happened along while she panned, the Crying Squaw would stop all operations. Then she would display a tiny piece of gold from a shirt pocket, saying "See? I finally found one."

Most simply looked at her pityingly, wondering why she didn't leave the worthless placer.

Newly arrived and very uncouth miners soon learned about the young and pretty woman who lived and placered alone. They couldn't believe she wasn't any better than the polyglot races in the bordellos and saloons in Columbia and Sonora.

Sooner or later one was sure to go to her cabin after dark trying to visit. Receiving rough treatment, they were ordered away. If the would-be paramour left immediately he was wise. But those who refused to be turned away and propositioned her got a very big surprise.

Finally seeming to fall for his blandishments she would step out of the low cabin door. But suddenly from behind her back would come right hand holding a long barreled revolver. Before the astonished miner could take to his heels she would strike with lightning-like rapidity. If he lost no teeth in the pistol whipping, the burly one was lucky.

Only one of the, in 1858, the year after a disasterous fire wiped out a great section of Columbia, was stupid enough to fight back. A big man and thick skulled, the whamming blows after knocking off his hat did not addle him much.

Closing with the slender girl who weighted about 110-pounds, he managed to clutch her shoulders, pinning helpless briefly the hand holding the revolver.

Stamping heels over his toes she struggled desperately to escape knowing what would happen to her besides a brutal beating. Managing to turn revolver muzzle downward against his porcine body she pulled the trigger.

The Columbia Hotel and Fallon House theater. Down this street Crying Squaw found her favorite gambling saloons.

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The Columbia Historical marker.

Screaming in pain the miner fell backward releasing her automatically. He had been shot through the left side. Not quite falling to the ground he came back upright. She tossed him his hat.

"Now, make some tracks," she told him, "or do I shoot you for keeps?"

Cursing, the miner staggered down the slope and made it to Columbia for medical attention. His wounds were not fatal but enough so to keep him from working for a week.

Before returning to his claim he entered Jack Douglas' saloon on the corner of Main and Fulton streets. Some of his friends gathered around to listen to his obscenely related account of being wantonly shot by the Crying Squaw. For no reason at all, he claimed.

"She sure tried to kill him!" a friend declared. "We'll just go up there and teach her a right permanent lesson. Say with a rope around her purty neck with the other end tied to a high tree limb. She's got that coming for trying to do murder."

As this kind of talk enlarged the miners' enthusiasm waxed higher for hanging the Crying Squaw. Plans were in the making. Fortunately some bystanders who overheard the threats told Douglas and the alcalde. The two went over to where the small group sat at a rough board table.

Douglas told them, "Try that and you won't get away with it like they did in Downieville back in fifty-one when they hanged Juanita. The miners here will string you up pronto.

"Moreover, you had no business going up there and molesting the Crying Squaw. She should have plugged you. Go again, any of you, and chances are there will be a rope waiting for you right down here in town!"

The warning stopped their intention of taking violent action. During the balance of the short time she remained in the diggins no one tried to molest her.

Now she started riding into Columbia early mornings, something she had seldom done before. Noticeably she carried a heavily stuffed pair of leather saddle bags. This odd time was chosen to call at the Wells Fargo express office.

Altogether she made ten or twelve trips scattered over a period of two weeks. The agent did not mention that she shipped gold to a private mint in San Francisco. This was for the reasons that robbers usually had spies around who reported on big shipments being dispatched. Only after she disappeared did he reveal the fact that she sent out a great fortune from her placer.

Hard work grew monotonous again so she returned to the old crying deals whangling dust from very willing miners who had struck real pay dirt. This time she did not leave Columbia but between stints bucking faro she bought drinks for a few of the miners who had donated gold to her that same day.

Her placer was so deep that she had to use a ladder down into it. Two big brass buckets fastened on ropes were filled. She then climbed out and drew them up.

On December 1 she took four buckets of gravel and sand to the creek side before starting to pan. That was a windy day so that a well dressed tall rider came up behind her undetected.

From the saddle he watched her pick out more than twenty large nuggets from a single pan before removing the fine pieces of yellow metal.

"Man, looks like you have a good thing," he observed.

The Crying Squaw came up fast and around, startled. He saw then that the panner was a woman, making quick apology for the mistake.

"You surprised me," she said.

"Do you mind if I dismount?"

He did so with permission and thrust a hand into the small pile of gravel. Of course he found nuggets of large size.

"This is rich dirt!" he exclaimed. Then more cautiously, "Ma'm, would you care to sell you claim? I have been riding around looking for an investment. If this holds out I could give you—uh, maybe as much as twenty-five hundred dollars."

"For that I would be giving the claim away," she replied. "But I'm getting tired of living and working alone. Sometimes I would like to leave these diggings."

"Here, let me help you pan it out while you think about my offer," he volunteered.

She stood to one side while he did so expertly. What he found amazed the handsome stranger but he carefully kept his mouth shut. When he finished she pouched the gold, an estimated $1,500 worth.

When he suggested looking at her claim she offered no objection. It might have bee then that the big idea struck her.

They climbed up the slope, the man leading his horse. At the placer he descended the ladder and gouged into the side walls and the bottom. He did not dig deep in the ground which would prove to be his mistake. What he found in the pit walls excited him greatly.

Climbing out he regarded her crude equipment thoughtfully and shook his head.

"If I had this claim I could hire men, or take in a partner. We would put in a windlass and really work this placer. Does my offer appeal to you?"

Right there he got the big, beautiful, and salty tear treatment.

"For that price I would be giving it away," she said, almost sobbing the words. "But I am a helpless woman who has done a lot of hard work here. The loneliness gets me. If I could sell for enough to live on for awhile I might, but certainly not for that small amount."

The tears melted the handsome man's heart so what he first ventured was raised to $10,000.

Again she shook shapely head, declaring in a stricken voice that the price would rob her unmercifully. Silently he agreed. A few more tears and expressed sadness about wanting to leave the terrible rough diggings so hard on a woman,

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Miners in the gulches where the Crying Squaw worked a claim.

he raised the price to $25,000. If he could buy the placer for that it would surely be a bargin.

That offer after considerable stalling was accepted. But she added certain terms. He wasn't to report buying her claim. She said that several men had extended offers and since they were friends she didn't want to face their wrath by selling to a newcomer.

How was he going to pay? He pointed at stuffed saddlebags. It would be largely in raw gold but he also had considerable coin.

"I'll saddle my horse," she said. "We'll go to Wells Fargo. The agent has the only honest scales in Columbia."

Soon mounted and still in miners clothes she went to the Wells Fargo Express office with him. The coins were stacked and counted, and raw gold weighed out to the necessary amount.

"I'm going to leave it with this gentleman," she said, indicating the agent. "Too risky to have so much around the cabin."

Outside the office before parting with him she said, "Just remember part of the agreement is to keep mum on the deal. On the tenth of the month show up at the cabin and take over. I'll be leaving."

For once she did not whangle dust from miners before going to Sonora. She remained there two days and two nights, returning to Columbia to haunt the saloons and meeting miners whom she knew had struck it very rich. Their claims were about worked out however, which interested her most.

The morning of the tenth was a cold, drizzly day. Two miners arrived early at the placer. No hails at the cabin were answered so they peeked inside. The Crying Squaw was gone with all her belongings except the cooking untensils.

"This looks bad," said one of them. "She said she'd be here and turn it over. Maybe we been rooked."

They descended into the pit where only a scrape of the crumbly wall revealed that there was plenty of gold.

"Well, it's here," one declared.

From above an angry voice demanded, "What are you two doing here fooling around my claim? Think you're going to jump it? Well, I reckon not. I bought it."

"The hell you did! We bought it from the Crying Squaw."

"So did I!"

The miners climbed out and as they reached the surface two more came hastening up. Each one had bought the placer. Angry arguments followed as to who was the real owner. While they were in a verbal hassle three more put in an appearance who ordered them all to leave.

The handsome man on the horse was last to reach the scene. After listening briefly he laughed mirthlessly.

"We have all been sold the same placer by a smart woman. All right, let's settle down calmly and determine what we have been took for."

Each one named what he had paid over and the prices ran from $15,000 to $25,000.

After further discussion the tall man got them to settle for a co-operative partnership in an effort to recover their losses. They all thought that would be easy, with considerable profit besides.

This belief persisted until they began hauling gravel out of the bottom. It was already on bedrock and there was no more gold except on the sides and that soon petered out.

What happened to the Crying Squaw no one ever learned. She wasn't in San Francisco when traced to the private mint. But one thing for sure, she left her mark on Columbia and Sonora in the fantastic tales of mystery still told about her. □

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CALENDAR OF COLORADO

AUG. 1—Central City: Colorado Day. Commemorating Colorado's 100th anniversary of statehood.

AUG. 1—Denver: Antique Car Show. Antique car display to benefit Historic Denver, Inc.

AUG. 1—Denver: Steam-powered Railroad Excursion. Special Denver to Julesburg excursion plus outdoor lunch and open house at Julesburg Museum.

AUG. 1-31—Colorado Springs: Great American Rodeo Gallery. Exhibits, films, music of the West at Fine Arts Center.

AUG. 2—Central City: Ethnic Festival. Street events celebrating Colorado's ethnic groups.

AUG. 2-14—Brighton: Adams County Fair and Rodeo. Country fair displays and events at Adams County Fairgrounds.

AUG. 4-7—Colorado Springs: Pikes Peak or Bust Rodeo. Participants from across the nation competing at Penrose Stadium.

AUG. 6-7—Canon City: Square Dance Festival. Area groups performing at Citizens Stadium.

AUG. 11—Mancos: Dominquez-Escalante Dedication. Centennial Committee will dedicate the Dominguez-Escalante Highway, Mancos' historical trail.

AUG. 12-13—Dolores: Dominquez-Escalante Days. Dedication and welcoming of trail riders from Dominquez-Escalante re-enactment plus art show and barbecue at ruin site.

AUG. 13-15—Montrose: Monte de Rosas Fiestas. Street events celebrating native and Mexican American cultures.

AUG. 14-15—Manitou Springs: Centennial-Bicentennial Gun Show. Historic displays at Manitou Springs City Hall.

AUG. 14-15—Rico: Mid-summer Festival. Patriotic flag ceremony, variety show, dance, parade and gymkana.

AUG. 15—Manitou Springs: Arts and Crafts Festival. Regional artists and craftspeople, period costumes and entertainment at Soda Springs Park.

AUG. 21—Hahns Peak: Historic Mining Town Presentation. Exhibits, slide and music show.

AUG. 22-23—Littleton: Centennial Air Show. Historical aircraft, aerial acts and displays at Arapahoe County Airport.

AUG. 25-24—Pueblo: International Charro Competition. Reintroduction of Mexican Rodeo and related events at State Fairgrounds.

AUG. 28—Hot Sulphur Springs: Mountain Man Rendevous. Shooting events, mountain man skills contests, barbecue and children's games sponsored by the Grand County Historical Association.

OCT. 1-2—Manitou Springs: Chuckwagon Fest. Centennial-Bicentennial festival at Flying W Ranch with musical and dramatic performances.

OCT. 1-3—Manitou Springs: Melodrama Festival. Performances at Iron Springs Chateau.

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BICENTENNIAL EVENTS ★★★★★★★★★★

OCT. 1-31—Denver: Polish National Alliance Historical Exhibit. Visual display of Colorado's Polish community from 1858 to present.

OCT. 2—Central City: Pat Casey Day. Street events and parade in honor of the Irish of the mining camps.

OCT. 11—Denver: Annual Pulaski Day Commemoration. Banquet and ball in honor of Polish-Americans' heritage.

SEPT. 7-10—Fort Lupton: Rendevous Days. Community street events with parades, art show, races, beard contest.

SEPT. 11—Central City: Tommy Knocker Day. Salute to the Welsh and Cornish of old gold camp days with street events, mining competitions and pastie supper.

SEPT. 11-12—Deer Trail: Rodeo and Race Meet. Amateur rodeo events and parade.

SEPT. 13-14—Colorado Springs: Sports Car Rally. Rally over historic routes near Colorado Springs.

SEPT. 17-19—Kremmling: Middle Park Fair. Country fair acitivities at fairgrounds expanded for '76.

SEPT. 19—Salida: High-country Jeep Tours. Tours of surrounding area and across Continental Divide.

SEPT. 19-25—Ouray: Photo Contest and Exhibit. Displays at Ouray City Hall Auditorium featuring 100 years of photography in the San Juan Mountains.

NOV. 11—Brighton: Veterans Day. Parade and presentation ceremony sponsored by American Legion.

NOV. 11—Manitou Springs: Veterans Day Parade. Motorcade procession from East Pikes Peak Avenue to Memorial Park.

NOV. 11-14—Colorado Springs: Centennial-Bicentennial Music Festival. Colorado Springs Symphony Orchestra production featuring Native American culture.

NOV. 20-21—Strasburg: Turkey Shoot and Barbecue. Trap shooting for prizes and free barbecue Sunday noon at community Firehouse.

DEC. 4-5 and 11-12—Georgetown: Christmas Market. Arts and crafts fair, entertainment and foods celebrating Christmas customs in many countries.

DEC. 11—Central City: Wintershire Centennial Ball. Dancing and entertainment at the Belvidere Theatre.

DEC. 12—Beulah: Yule Log Hunt. Community holiday tradition at Horsehoe Lodge, Pueblo Mountain Park.

DEC. 17—Windsor: Las Posadas Christmas Festival. Community celebration with caroling procession to nursing home followed by events at Tozer Elementary School on Oak St.

DEC. 17-19—Steamboat Springs: Bicentennial Ski Jumping Championship. Jumping competition at Howelson Hill.

For additional information concerning Colorado Bicentennial activities, write to:

Colorado Centennial-Bicentennial Commission
901 Sherman St., 15th Floor
Denver, Colorado 80203

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THE TRAGIC STAGECOACH SAGA

R.L. Grubb

Hank Monk was one hell of a jehu. He was the kind of jehu that other stage drivers would like to have been. The *Virginia City Enterprise* wrote of Monk, "... he would turn a six horse coach in the street with a team at full run, and with every line apparently loose ... His driving was such a perfection of art that it did not seem art at all."

Monk commanded his coach with unique elegance. He sat erect on the seat and from above windburnt cheeks his dark eyes would peer out past the brim of his old battered slouch hat, watching for trouble on the road ahead. And through the dust of his passing stage—if the sun was right—you could see the telltale shine from the heads of the tiny copper rivets that Monk had used himself to mend the old brown corduroy suit he always wore.

Probably the best known of all stage drivers, Monk earned much of his reputation at the expense of Horace Greeley, the crusading editor of the *New York Tribune*. In 1859 Greeley made a trip west to California. He traveled by train to St. Joseph, Missouri and there began some sorrowful experiences with stagecoaches and some of their famous—or infamous—drivers.

The editor was hardly on the plains before trouble began. A herd of buffalo stampeded the horses and the stage over-

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turned, spilling Horace and his luggage in a dusty heap on the prairie. He was dumped into the Laramie River when the coach once more overturned; and again Horace's enthusiasm was dampened when the Sweetwater River claimed the coach, causing the publisher to lose a trunk containing his manuscripts.

After three bumping, swaying weeks—intermingled with capsizing coaches—Horace arrived at the eastern foothills of the Sierra Nevada mountains. There to his lasting sorrow he encountered Hank Monk—the incomparable Hank Monk.

The meeting was simple enough. Horace was to be the guest speaker at a large dinner in Placerville, California. Monk was assigned to drive the morning stage that would carry Horace from Carson City over the Sierras to his dinner engagement.

They were late getting started but after Horace was finally on board Monk climbed up onto the box, flicked the reins, called out to the horses and the coach was off—to whisk the great editor out of town, into the desert, then upward to the crest of the mountains, down the west side of the mountains into the valley, and, at last, into Placerville.

In his book, *An Overland Journey*, Greeley wrote about Monk:

> Our driver was of course skillful; but . . . had his horses seen fit to run away . . . we might have been pitched headlong down a precipice of a thousand feet, where all the concern that could have been picked up afterward would not have been two bits per bushel.

Humor also crept into Greeley's writing when he told about the road over the mountains:

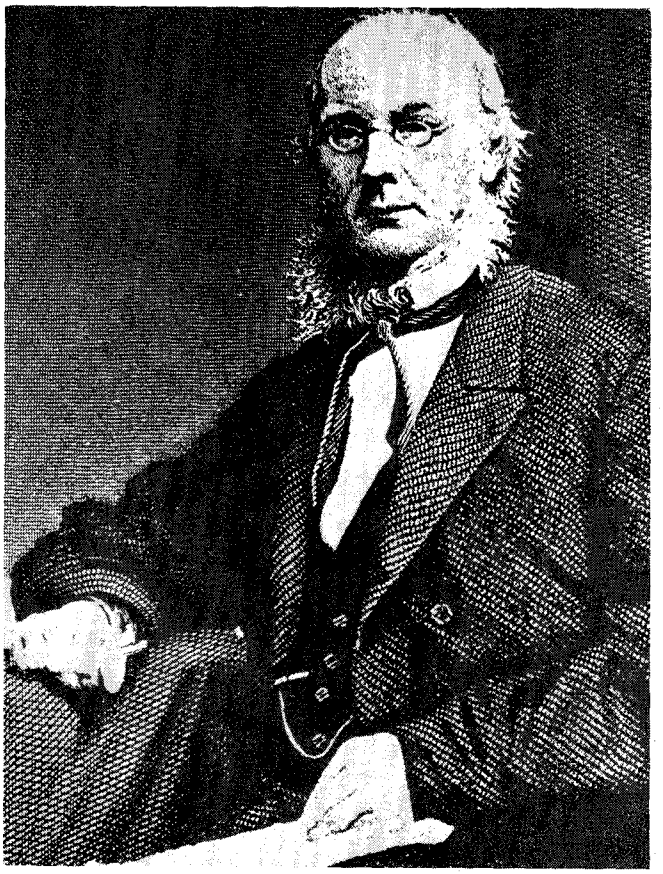
> The road over this pass—here claimed to be the lowest and most practicable over the Sierra Nevada—rises steadily for twelve or thirteen miles . . . then descends for two or three miles as abruptly to the valley . . . the road is . . . for most of the way, eaten into the side of a steep mountain, with a precipice of from five to fifteen hundred feet on one side and as steep an eminence on the other. Yet along the mere shelf, with hardly a place to each mile where two meeting wagons can pass, the mail-stage was driven at a rate of ten miles an hour (in one instance eleven), or just as fast as four wild California horses, whom two men could scarcely harness, could draw it.

The "four wild horses" thundered into Placerville with Hank Monk driving and a disheveled Horace Greeley. It is said that Horace by-passed a waiting crowd of welcomers and made his way shakingly to the Carey House Bar for repairs. The crowd followed along. Then, somewhat later, "amid ringing toasts," the battered editor was able to pull himself up from a reclined position on a couch to join the festivities. He may have said then, what he later wrote:

> I cannot conscientiously recommend the route I have traveled to summer tourists in quest of pleasure, but it is a balm for many bruises to know that I am at last in CALIFORNIA.

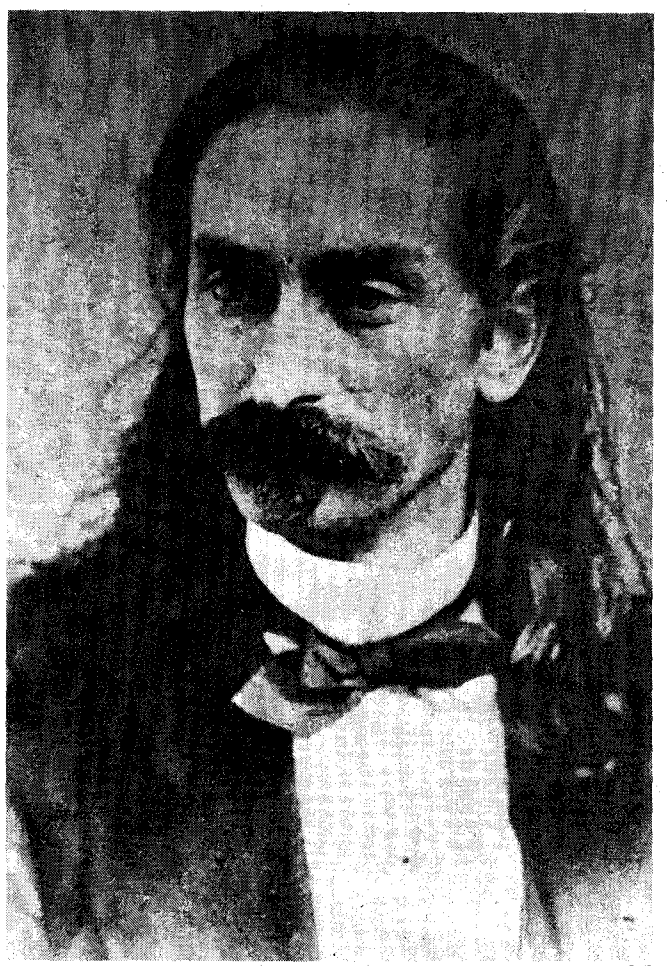
Greeley's body bruises disappeared in time; however, his encounter with Hank Monk was to make lasting bruises. For the story of his ride with Monk was dressed up—to Greeley's lasting humiliation—by a noted humorist of the time, Artemus Ward. This is more or less the way Ward told the story:

The morning Monk and Greeley left Carson City, Monk was told by the stageline agent that Horace *had* to be in Placerville by seven o'clock that evening for a speaking engagement. They were late leaving. And reliable, order-following Monk responded to the urgency. Dashing along the narrow shelf-of-a-road in the mountains—behind four



Controversial founder of the New York Tribune, Horace Greeley. (source: Recollections of a Busy Life, 1868)

Stage driver Hank Monk the removed cause of Greeley's suffering.



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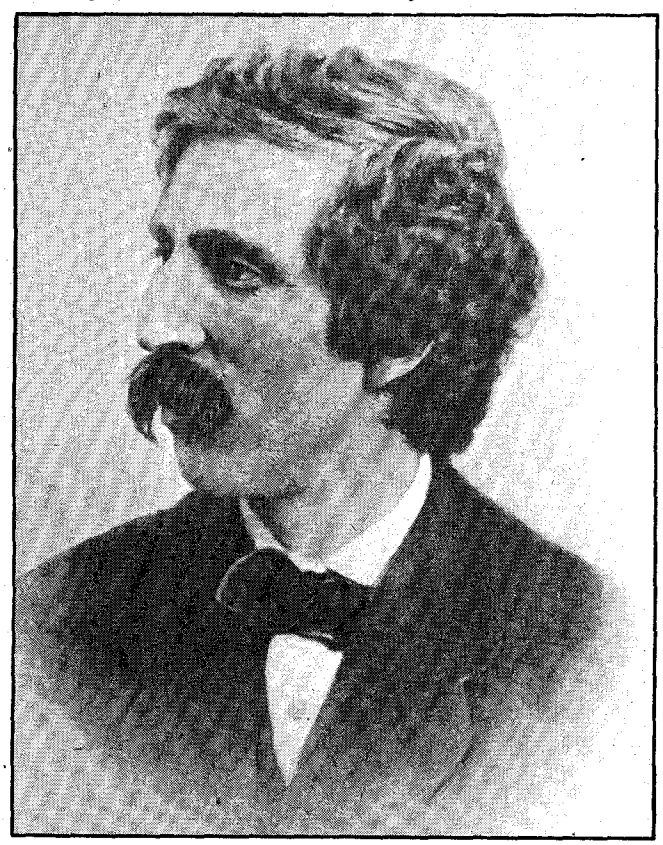
Artemus Ward's cartoon of the Greeley-Monk stage ride.

Charles Farrar Browne, better known as Artemus Ward scarred Greeley's life with his humorous story.



wild horses—soon convinced Horace that being a little late wouldn't really matter.

He stuck his head out of the coach window to yell at Monk, "Sir, I don't care if we don't get there by seven."

"I have got my orders," Monk calmly leaned back to shout, as he whipped up the horses and increased his speed.

Bruised and sore from bouncing around in the coach, a frightened Horace desperately stuck his head out the window once again to yell at Monk, "Sir, I don't care if we don't get there at all."

"I've got my orders," shouted back Monk; and again he whipped up the team and charged madly on.

An unseen bump in the road sent Horace and the coach skyward. The coach was restrained in its upward flight by the leather thorough braces but, alas, poor Mr. Greeley, with no thorough braces to hold him, crashed his head through the coach roof.

Hearing the noise, Monk turned around to see the editor's head sticking through the top of the coach.

"Keep your seat, Horace," Monk scolded.

Approaching Placerville Monk scattered a welcoming committee and brass band.

"I've got my orders," they heard Monk shout as he whipped the foaming horses and swayed out of sight: *on* toward Placerville—there to deposit a throughly shaken Horace, who headed straight away for the nearest bar.

That was Artemus Ward's version of the encounter. It quickly circulated. Mark Twain wrote that during his trip westward in 1861 he heard the Monk and Greeley story no less than six times. A stage driver told the story out of Jules-

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ARTEMUS WARD,

his Programme.

DODWORTH HALL, 806 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

OPEN EVERY EVENING.

1.—Introductory.
2.—The Steamer Ariel, en route.
3.—San Francisco.
4.—The Washoe Silver Region.
5.—The Plains.
6.—The City of Saints.
7.—A Mormon Hotel.
8.—Brigham Young's Theatre.
9.—The Council-House.
10.—The Home of Brigham Young.
11.—Heber C. Kimball's Seraglio.
12.—The Mormon House of Worship.
13.—Foundations of the New Temple.
14.—Architect's View of the Temple when finished.
15.—The Great Dead Sea of the Desert.
16.—The House of Mystery.
17.—The Cañon.
18.—Mid-Air Sepulture.
19.—A Nice Family Party at Brigham Young's.

A program advertising an Artemus Ward lecture. The Monk-Greeley story was probably part of the fourth subject.

burg, along the Platte River and he heard it again from a passenger who boarded in Denver. At Fort Bridger a cavalry sergeant obliged; and a Mormon preacher retold it after boarding at Salt Lake. Then somewhere in Nevada, alon the Carson River, the stage stopped to pick up ". . . a half-dead wanderer who launched into the same story." He was stopped short.

"Suffering stranger, proceed at your own peril," Twain menaced.

The stranger stopped; but according to Twain, "In trying to retain the anecdote in his system he strained himself and died in our arms."

During the years following Greeley's ride with Monk, the Artemus Ward story was told countless times. It brought fame to Hank Monk. But if the story contributed to Monk's prestige and reputation, it certainly made no contribution to Greeley.

(Continued on page 50)

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Chief Sante was named Chief Roman Nose by the whiteman due to his classical bone structure. (Credit Kansas State Historical Society)

CHIEF SANTE'S MAGIC BONNET

An exaggerated tale of a man and his might.

by I. Murach

The bright sun reflected weirdly from the painted face of the giant Cheyenne Chief and the brilliant hues of his war bonnet cast a melody of colors. It sat on his head like a squash, almost covering his darting eyes, as he rode casually into the soldiers' fire astride his painted white stallion. Bullets clipped at his clothes and around his head, but none seemed able to hit him.

Carefully, he studied the corraled wagon train, seeking a weak spot. He seemed oblivious to the concentrated carbine fire directed at him, and miraculously missing. When he ended his observation, he rode back to his warriors.

"The soldiers are well protected. Get off your ponies and crawl toward the wagons. When the soldiers reveal themselves they will make good targets," he said.

The plan was a wise one, for as the Cheyenne and Sioux crawled toward the defenders, the soldiers popped from their hiding places trying to get a shot at the writhing forms in the grass. As they did so, they were mowed down by the Indians' rifles until no more shots came from the wagon train. Every soldier had been killed or badly wounded by the deadly barrage. And Sante, Chief Roman Nose, had won another battle.

Although Roman Nose was acknowledged as one of the best warriors in the West, it was his war bonnet that aroused such great interest, for it was the source of one of the strangest and incredible legends in Western history.

Sante, which in Cheyenne means *bat*, was his name, but the whites found it easier to call him Roman Nose because of his rather large and hooked nose. But he was a handsome man, tall and built like an Adonis. Charles Johnston wrote of him: "His physique was superb. A large head with strongly marked features, lighted by a pair of black eyes . . . a Roman nose, with delicate nostrils, like a thoroughbred racehorse . . . a broad chest with symmetrical limbs, on which the muscles stood out like twisted wires . . ."

Roman Nose in his youth was not an enemy of the white man, not in the early days when the first settlers entered the territory. But eventually it seemed that everywhere the whites went, there was trouble and destruction. Cheyenne women were raped, and sometimes killed. Buffalo and antelope were slaughtered and wasted, Cheyenne men were abused, ridiculed, slain.

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A great chief of the Cheyenne, Black Kettle, fought back and waged war on the white man until 1864, when he suggested a council of peace with Major Colley at Fort Lyon. Governor John Evans of the Colorado Territory promised the Cheyenne would live in peace, unmolested by the white man, and Black Kettle ordered his people to surrender their weapons. The Cheyenne camped at Sand Creek and were given an American flag to fly over their camp. They were assured that as long as the flag was flown, they would be unharmed.

Little did they realize at that time that a neurotic officer, Col. Chivington, would be sent to the Colorado Territory. Chivington was a Methodist minister from Denver who held a state required commission. Here was an officer bent on spilling Indian blood. His foul deed was to cost thousands of lives eventually and go down in history as an uncalled for massacre of innocent Indians—the Sand Creek massacre.

November 29, 1864. The Indian village was asleep as misty dawn broke over Sand Creek. Suddenly, a bugle sounded and the army troops came thundering and whooping through the village, sabers swinging, rifles blazing. "Kill them all," shouted Col. Chivington. "Let there be no survivors. Kill the women and children."

Within the half hour, there was nothing left alive in the village. Even the dogs were slain. Women were killed, still clutching their frightened babies. Most of the 300 killed were women and children. Many of the victims were scalped.

Governor Evans was shocked and sickened at news of the senseless massacre, as were most whites. A Congressional investigation was demanded. When it was over, the report read partially: "It has no parallel in the records of barbarity. Fleeing women, holding up their hands and praying for mercy, were shot down. Infants were killed and scalped . . ."

Roman Nose turned from a friend to a bitter enemy of the whites. He swore vengeance and had little trouble enlisting the aid of Cheyenne, Sioux, Arapahoes. Their vengeance was awesome as over two thousand whites paid the bloody price for Chivington's hideous crime.

(Continued on page 59)

Roman Nose leading the charge against Forsyth. From a painting by Charles Schreyvogel.

Chief Sante is seated second man from the left.

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MASS CAN

END OF A HUND

The Pawnee returned to their old hunti

by J.S. Paul

August 5, 1873 was a clear sunny day. Harness jangling, the blue clad column rode slowly down the valley of the Republican River. It was a hot, dirty, tiresome chore, patrolling these dry, sunbaked sandhills. Still, it was some better than herding a mob of sullen, tail-dragging Sioux, which was what K Company and the fellows from Fort Laramie were doing. The men of B Company, 3rd U. S. Cavalry, six days out of Fort McPherson on a routine scout of the Republican River and its tributaries figured anything beat herding unhappy Sioux.

Captain Meinhold had just called a rest halt, and was conversing quietly with Lieutenant Lawson when

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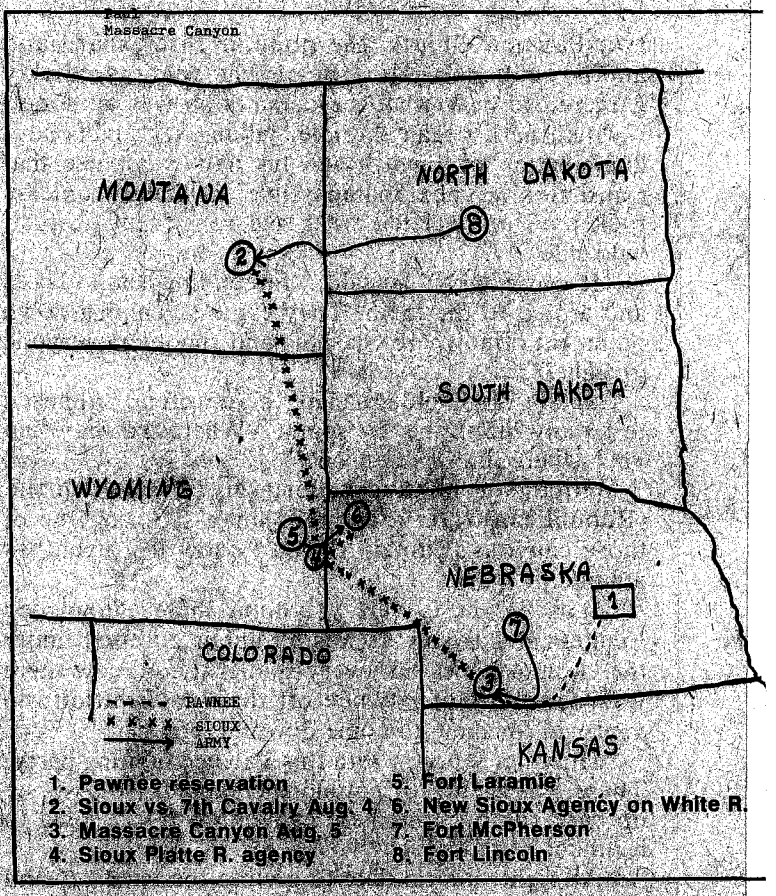
AGE YONE

RED YEAR WAR

rounds not realizing, they were to be the hunted...

they spotted four riders coming at them at a flat out run. Everyone grabbed for their carbines, alert to trouble, then relaxed when they recognized two of the riders as white men they knew.

"Captain, Captain," hailed the rider in the lead, one L. B. Platt, nephew of the Indian trader. The others were another white man, J. W. Williamson, and



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Spotted Tail. Intelligent chief of Sioux. The Pawnee didn't count on him heading a buffalo hunting party in the same territory. (credit Nebraska State Hist. Soc)

Pi-ta-le-sho-ru, popular Pawnee chief, survived the massacre. (credit Nebraska State Hist. Soc.)

two Pawnee Chiefs, the popular Pitalesharu and another called Fighting Bear. The soldiers quickly gathered to hear what the commotion was all about.

Pitalesharu began the tale, talking so rapidly in a combination of English and his native Pawnee that translation was next to impossible. Williamson quickly took over and related what had sent them on their wild ride.

"It was Sioux," he said, "fifteen hundred at least, and armed to the teeth. They came screaming down on us out of nownere, slashing and shooting everyone in sight."

Captain Meinhold groaned, there weren't supposed to be any Sioux this far south. "Where did they find you, where did this happen?"

Williamson blinked uncertainly. "Between the (Republican) river and Frenchman's Fork. One of those canyons, Captain. I don't know if it even has a name."

"What in blazes were you doing there?" exploded Lieutenant Lawson. It was an unfair outburst under the circumstances but every soldier there knew there was no report of Pawnee off their reservation; no approval for them to come down here either.

"Hunting. We was with this Pawnee hunting party. There was plenty of buffalo thereabouts and we set up base camp in this here canyon. We was going to head back in a day or two."

"All right, it's too late to go into the legalities and proper procedures," said Captain Meinhold. "You and Platt are both well aware of the rules and regulations about these things and no doubt you will hear more about this later, but for now, it's happened and we will all have to make the best of it." Meinhold gave the order and the troopers mounted up. The Indians were anxious to get back but Meinhold forbade it, he had no intention of putting his troops squarely between such old archenemies as the Sioux and Pawnee.

By this time the far (south) bank of the river was teeming with Pawnee who had escaped the attack. "Take your people down to Red Willow," Meinhold told the two chiefs. "We will keep the Sioux away from you there."

The Indians didn't want to leave, but Meinhold was finally able to convince them they were in greater danger staying here than at Red Willow some twelve miles distant. Commandeering Platt to guide them, the column at last was able to move. According to Contract Surgeon David Powell, who was with the patrol and later wrote up the incident for the Omaha Daily Herald, they rode nearly twenty miles before reaching the canyon where the Pawnee had camped, and what they found there was far from a pretty sight.

In a ride up this canyon from entrance to head, a distance of something less than three miles, the troopers found 59 dead Pawnee and from the looks of it no one who was injured had lived to escape.

It was a horrible sight. Braves still clutched drawn

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bows, their arms and fingers stiffened in death. Infants were pinned to their mother's breasts as papers are pinned to a wall. And all around, blood glazed, fly-blown heads, the result of scalper's knives. Even the old hands were sickened and the horses went stiff legged with eyes rolling far back.

Thousands of pounds of jerked meat and hundreds of buffalo, elk, beaver and otter furs, along with all the earthly possessions of the Pawnee, were scattered helter skelter so that it was hard to move about without trampling food and belongings. And the Sioux were gone. All that remained to do was bury the dead, salvage what property they could, and help the rest of the Pawnee hunting party back to their reservation. This, as time and history have recorded it, was Massacre Canyon, the last great battle of the Hundred Year War between Sioux and Pawnee.

Back in Washington, when the story reached them, they could only shake their heads, and wonder, again, why the Pawnee, who numbered less than 1,200, insisted on tangling with the mighty Sioux, who outnumbered them roughly 15 to 1 over such a minor issue as buffalo. Why, in fact did the Sioux and Pawnee, a decided "David and Goliath" comparison, insist on going out of their way to kill each other at every opportunity?

There are those romantics who would like to lay the whole thing at the feet of a beautiful Sioux maiden, but unfortunately this theory has a few flaws here and there. It is true that until 1817 the Pawnee regularly practiced a ritual of human sacrifice to their goddess, the Morning Star. They killed a young maiden captured from another tribe, but there are a couple of reasons why this isn't the likely cause of the Pawnee-Sioux friction. In the first place, Indians did not share the intense feelings of whites over women and children stolen by another tribe. In the majority of Indian cultures these fell into the general category of spoils of war, and stolen horses were likely to cause more feeling than stolen squaws or girl children, unless of course it was the Chief's favorite wife or daughter. Then, and equally important, it was the Pawnee who hated the Sioux with such a bloody-minded passion, a turn of events which does not mesh at all with trying to credit the feud to a sacrificed Sioux maiden.

On the other hand the Pawnee had good reason to hate the Sioux, and the Sioux had good reason to want to keep the Pawnee off balance, but to understand this strange relationship it is necessary to go back a way into the history of both tribes.

Archeologists now believe that the Pawnee lived in the area of present day Nebraska and Kansas before 1300 A.D. Be that as it may, the Pawnee were most certainly living there in 1673, when the first French

Pawnee Village, Loup Fork Nebraska. 1871

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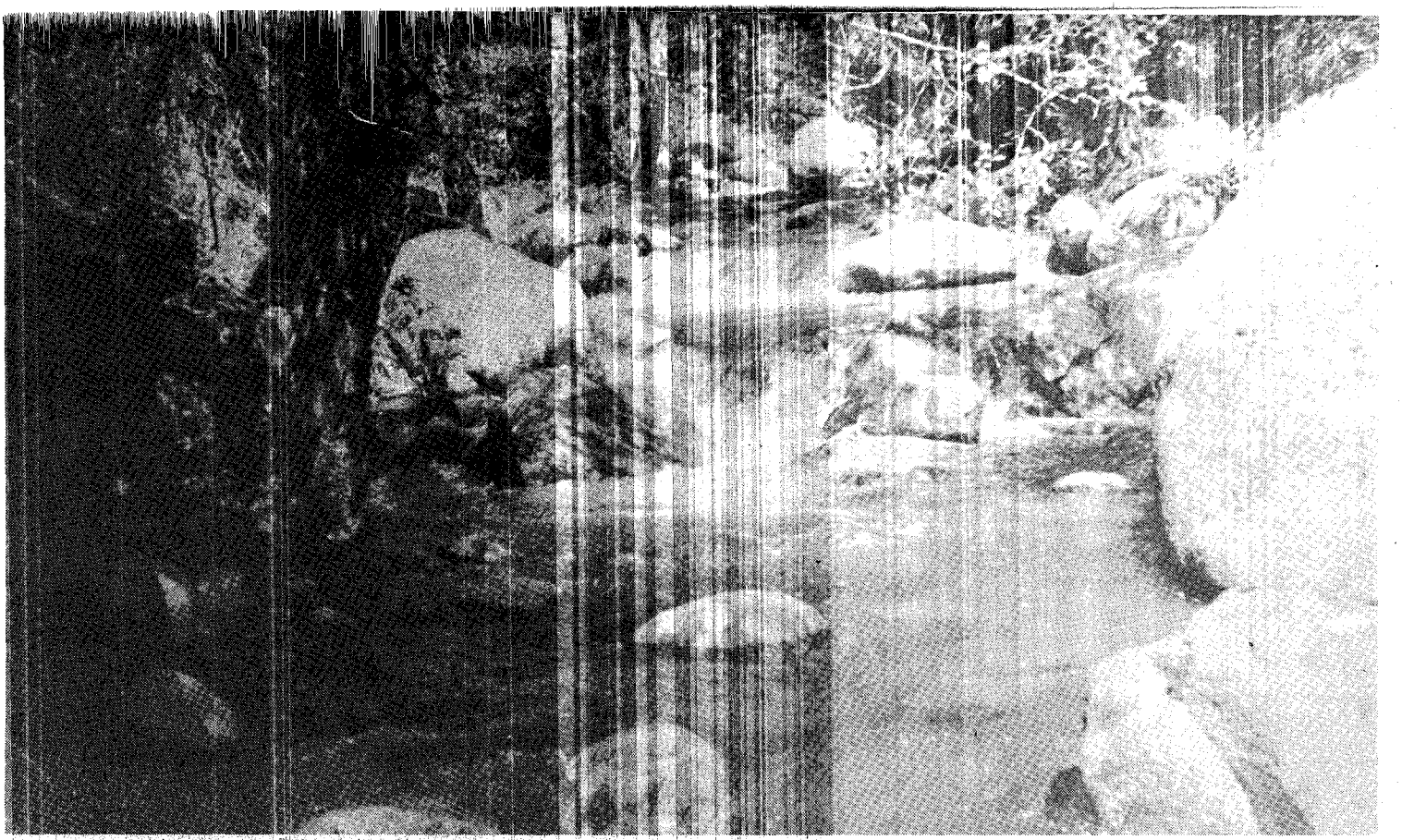

Massacre Canyon during the wet season! It was among this tangle that the sioux attacked the unsuspecting Pawnee. (Nebraska State Hist. Soc)

fur-traders ventured up the Missouri. These Frenchmen took special heed of the Pawnee because these Indians had Spanish-bred horses they'd either stolen or traded for farther south. At that time, 1673, and thereafter until their removal to a reservation, the Pawnee claimed as their own all lands from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, north to the Niobrara and south to the Arkansas. Neither the French nor other Plains tribes of the time contested the Pawnee claim, and this, mind you, a scant 53 years after the landing at Plymouth Rock.

And where were the mighty Sioux? By contrast, in 1673 they were living a harassed life on the south shore of Lake Superior. They too were encountering the French. In the East the French and Indians were involved in various preparations for the colonial war of the same name, and in line with their policy of seeking out Indian allies, were befriending and arming the Indians along the Great Lakes. On Lake Superior the Sioux, who lived in bark slab huts and cultivated gardens of squash, did not impress the French as the kind of aggressive allies they were seeking. It was the Chippewa the French chose to befriend and arm.

The result was that the Sioux were driven from their lakeside homes by their armed, aggressive neighbors. In terror of the white man's weapons in the hands of the Chippewa, they fled to the southwest, to settle between the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, in the present state of Minnesota. There they lived in peace until about 1760, when conflict with the pugnacious Arikara sent part of them at least westward into the Black Hills, a repeat of the old story but this time they had horses, giving them a much wider range of movement than before. And from the Black Hills they moved southwestward to the Platte and the promise of trade at Fort Laramie. This brought them onto the ancient Pawnee claims and into direct conflict with the Pawnee.

For something like one hundred years the two tribes picked at one another. Technically picking and feuding is all it could be called because 1,100 people including women and children don't go to war on a full scale against an enemy numbering some 18,000, of which at least a third are experienced warriors, not if they are bright. Besides, they thought they held the ace in the game, and would be the winner in the end if they just played it right.

Not only had the Pawnee been on that same land for longer than anyone could clearly remember, but several of their chiefs had been guests in Washington. Notable among these was Pi-ta-le-sha-ru, or Man Chief, who was the fellow history credits with ending the rite of human sacrifice by rescuing the intended victim, a Comanche girl.

In the year 1821 he went with his father, La-che-le-sha-ru, or Knife Chief, who was the head chief of the Skidi, or Northern Pawnee, to visit in Washington, D. C. While he was there the girls of a certain Mrs. White's Seminary presented him with a silver medal to commemorate his great deed. Further, he was strikingly handsome, even by the standards of the young ladies of the time and was long remembered in the social circles there.

Knife Chief was a wise leader, as too was the Republican or Southern Pawnee chief, whose name also was Man Chief. Since their combined strength was under 1,200, neither could number their own following at more than several hundred at any given time. As the white man in Washington seemed willing to recognize Pawnee rights to the lands they claimed, at least in Nebraska and northern Kansas, as both of the Pawnee chiefs realized they could not fight the white soldiers, they were willing to throw their lot with the white man, hunt such deer and bison as they needed, cultivate their corn and squash, live in their old traditional villages on the Loup and Republican Rivers, and keep their peace with those around them.

If they could have done it that way, theirs might have been a real and meaningful coexistence and might have made for an example that could have been duplicated in later policy, thus avoiding many of the Indian troubles, but the Pawnee were bargaining without thought of their size as a tribe, and without the Sioux.

For the Sioux, once they had seen the rich hunting lands south of the Platte, coveted it for themselves.

(Continued on page 61)

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Calamity Jane dressed for Wild Bill's show. (Denver Public Library, Western History Dept.)

Calamity Jane's True Story

Mystery and rumor surround this famous lady, who lived for liquor and glory.

by Diane Hiatt

Ten year old Martha Jane Canary sat high atop her imaginary horse gazing across the Missouri farmlands. She was born the same year Harriet Beecher Stowe who wrote *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and the Civil War was now raging across the country. It was 1862 and Martha wasn't thinking of the war and had never heard of Harriet Beecher Stowe. She was thinking of her parents, Bob and Charlotte. They were an unlikely combination. Bob was a staid minister trying to make a go of farming and Charlotte was a flamboyant red-head with a questionable background. It was said Bob married her to test his ability to reform. If so, he must have been sorely disappointed for although Charlotte gave up her profitable but tainted profession, she continued to have a lust for life that far exceeded propriety in the eyes of the farm folk of Princeton, Missouri. She was admired by the men and despised by the women. Martha was very like her. By the age of ten she had already felt the joy of running free with the boys and ostracism of the little "prissies" who worried about getting their dresses dirty.

At this moment, however, Bob and Charlotte were inside the farm shack arguing

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Calamity Jane with her sustenance in hand. (Denver Public Library, Western History Dept.)

again. Martha was on her father's side in this particular situation. He was arguing for going west and Charlotte was insisting he put his nose to the grindstone here to turn their failing farm into a prosperous one. It was an old argument but this time Martha sensed the tone shifting. Charlotte, already tired of battling the disdain of Princeton society, had another burden added. The Civil War brought a heated patriotism to the country and especially to the South at a time Charlotte felt no particular loyalty to either side. Thus her incompatibility with Princeton society was rendered even more painfully obvious. This time she finally acquiesced and the family readied itself for the trip west.

Within a week on the Overland trail, the wild country claimed Martha Jane. She was to love it always as a place she was free to do whatever she wished. The emancipation from societal roles acted as a catalyst to her growth. But as she flourished in the frontier, her parents' health declined. They had traveled from place to place in the west, covering Wyoming, Utah, and Montana, looking for a means to earn a decent living. By 1867 the hard work had taken them both and 15 year old Martha Jane Canary was on her own.

She and the frontier were wed at that moment, both on the brink of maturity. The child of Charlotte, the product of the Missouri farm country, spent her formative years searching out a life style in the wild frontier. As she looked about her Martha saw adventurous men who didn't care where you came from or what you did as long as you were having a good time. She saw tough women who earned a living the way they knew best, and others who were a nuisance in her eyes, always wanting to civilize a place by hanging lace curtains and starting churches. She was never accepted by the women (her inheritance from her mother) as she could not force herself to submit to any of the available life styles for women. She was thrilled to find the men of the frontier were just older versions of the boys in Missouri. Ladies in the east were at this very time enduring ostracism by preaching that women had the same inalienable rights as men, but Martha Jane Canary never heard of those women and celebrated her liberation every evening by getting roaring drunk.

Whatever she may have thought about society, or it of her, she had to make a living. "Gimme a team of horses and I'll show you how to handle 'em," she'd shout. She had admired muleskinners from the first time she'd seen one and could be seen in those early years handling the big teams with ease and enthusiasm.

In the late 1860's rails were being laid across Wyoming and Utah. Because the rail-

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Mary Canary Burke more well known as Calamity Jane. Her funeral with unnamed pall bearers. (Denver Public Library, Western History Dept.)

ing jobs drew men, they drew Martha Jane. In 1868 she rode out to investigate and applied for a job with the first outfit she saw.

"Sorry, lady," the gang boss replied, "no job."

"But why can't I earn good wages like those fellers?" she asked plaintively.

"Oh, but you're a girl!"

"Either the work is worth the money or it ain't. What's it matter if you're a girl?" she countered.

Confused, but not defeated, Martha simply rode along until she found another crew. This time, with her lesson learned, she stuffed her thick auburn hair up under her hat and got the job. By the time her sex was discovered she was carrying a load equal to the men and was allowed to stay. She

(Continued on page 52)

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THE GUNS THAT WON THE WEST

(Continued from page 11)

tion was completed, it was found that of the 35,574 guns, 24,000 were loaded, and of these two-thirds had multiple loads! Among the 18,000 guns containing multiple loads, 6,000 had three to ten charges each—one gun contained 23 charges!

Under duress and strain of battle, the soldiers had loaded their guns several times, forgetting each time to put in a firing cap or that they had already reloaded.

In addition to finding multiple charges in the guns, investigators found paper cartridges which had been inserted without having the end torn and cartridges which had been placed in the barrel upside-down.

With this information the War Department was quick to discount the value of muzzle-loaders. However, the problem of changing from muzzle-loading weapons to breech-loading weapons was too difficult to be attempted with much success during that conflict. But, following the War, much was done to change over to breech-loading rifles using metallic cartridges.

Among the most memorable names of rifles in the old West were the Winchester and the Sharps. When you said both Winchester and Sharps in the same sentence in the 1870's, you said about all there was to be said concerning American rifles.

Ironically, the first repeating rifle of the West did not come out under the name Winchester—a name which meant "repeater" from 1870 on. Although not produced under his name, America's first repeating rifle was produced under direction of Oliver. F. Winchester, who was later to establish the Winchester Co.

In 1857 Winchester and others bought the financially troubled Volcanic Repeating Arms Company (which manufactured a line of repeating pistols) and subsequently changed the name to New Haven Arms Co. In 1860 the New Haven Arms Co. produced the first repeating rifle of America, the Henry rifle, which used a metallic cartridge and the repeating mechanism of the Volcanic pistol.

The guns bears the name "Henry" in honor of its inventor, B. Tyler Henry. Today you may see a street sign bearing the words "Henry St." in front of the Winchester factory in New Haven. Also, Henry's name is perpetuated on the ammunition which Winchester issues. On the head of each rimfire cartridge of any caliber made by Winchester can be found the letter "H" a registered Winchester trademark.

The principle Henry employed was that of using the metallic case of a cartridge to form a gas-tight seal in the breech, instead of attempting to make the breech itself gas-tight.

The original Henry rifle, which gun collectors claim was the only model produced by the New Haven Arms Co., used a .44 caliber bullet. The cartridge for this gun had a 216 grain ball with 25 grains of powder behind it. The gun held 16 rounds and could be fired with accuracy to 150 yards or more.

When the Henry rifle came out, it found a lack of enthusiasm with a War Department which was engaged in fighting a civil war. However, the revolutionary weapon found immediate friendship with settlers in the West.

They realized the rifle's advantages and were quick to seize upon the opportunity to increase their odds against the environment. The rifle won particularly quick respect from prospectors and gunmen who found the weapon to be especially useful in lengthening their lives.

In 1866 Winchester changed the name of the New Haven Arms Co. to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co. and brought out the famous Winchester Model 1866, which used the same .44, flat, rimfire cartridge of the Henry rifle. However, the cartridge for the 1866 model had been changed from a conical bullet to a flat-nosed bullet. From this new bullet arose the name "44 Henry Flat," commemorating the original inventor and the shape of the bullet.

The next famous Winchester was the Winchester Model 1873. It still used a .44 caliber cartridge. However, it was a centerfire cartridge, .44-40, using 40 grains of black powder instead of 25 grains as in the Henry and 1866 Winchester rifles. The 1873 Winchester was a lever-action repeater, as were the two earlier Winchester rifles (remembering that the first Winchester rifle came out under the name Henry.)

From then on the history of Winchester is one of growth and improvement until we have the modern firearms manufactured by them today.

But on the frontier the "44" was king, and any man who owned one of the early Winchester repeaters had a rifle of high reliability and accuracy, which, when skillfully employed, could protect him from insurmountable odds or could provide him with fresh game for his table.

To the man on the frontier, to the soldiers of the 1860's, and to rifle match contestants in the mid 1800's, there was another gun which had just as much use as the renowned Winchester. The gun was the Sharps rifle.

Sharps rifles, which came along before the Winchesters, were all single-shot weapons, with early models using paper cartridges. The Sharps rifles were known for their accuracy, stopping power, and dependability. It was the Sharps rifles, used practically to the exclusion of all other rifles, which assisted in killing buffalo by the tens of thousands in the 1870's.

The Sharps rifles were developed by Christian Sharps, the first issue appearing in 1851. It was the innovation of breech-loading which made the Sharps rifles such a great improvement over the earlier muzzle-loaders.

There were many different Sharps rifles made, but one is of particular importance. It was the gun used to kill

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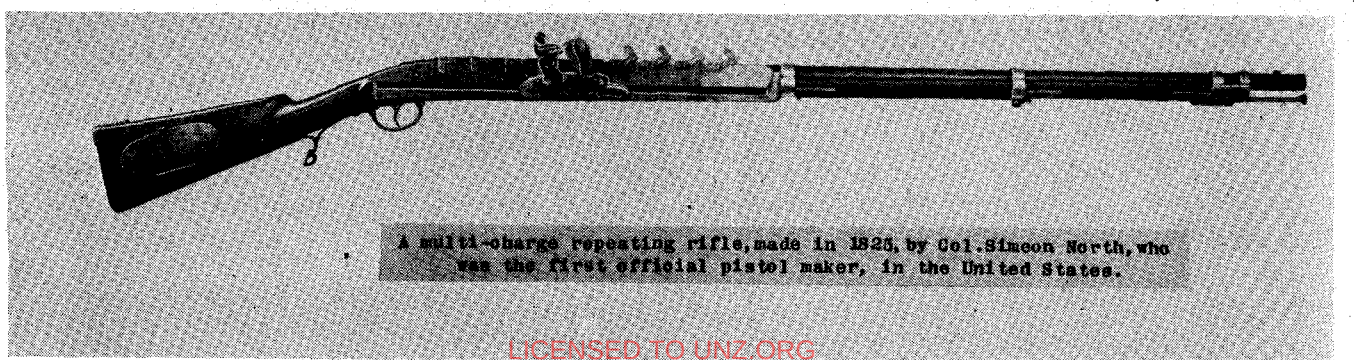

A multi-charge repeating rifle, made in 1825, by Col. Simeon North, who was the first official pistol maker, in the United States.

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ouffalo in the 1870's when that animal roamed the grasslands in huge herds.

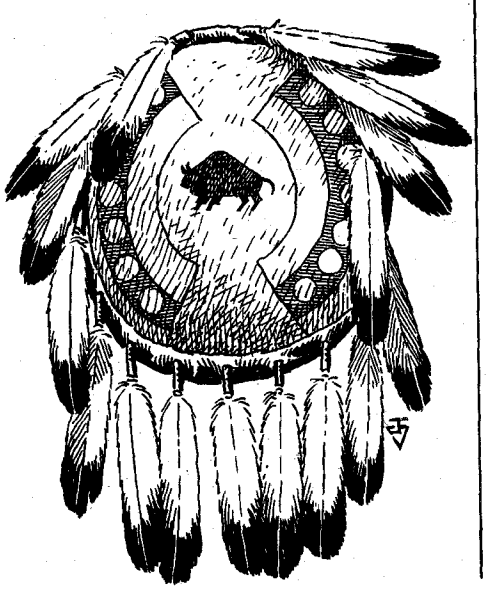
The Sharps rifle used by buffalo hunters was a .45 caliber model, single shot, breech-loader. The bullet was backed by 120 grains of deadly black powder. The .45 caliber model was soon changed to .50 caliber when Sharps realized the need for greater range and stopping power in weapons used by buffalo hunters. The .50 caliber models had a 140 grain charge which was easily capable of dropping a buffalo at two hundred yards.

The first Sharps rifles were said to leak fire around the breech. In later models this flaw was removed and the gun found immediate acceptance on the frontier. In the first Sharps rifles the breech closed on a linen cartridge, tearing off the end of the cartridge, exposing the powder to the percussion cap. In later models metallic cartridges were used.

In the years before Winchester came along with his repeater, there were no better rifles available than the Sharps rifles. Their successful use in the Civil War is well known. Even after the Winchester was introduced, the Sharps rifles were still used in tournament shooting.

However, Sharps failed to produce a repeater when Winchester brought to the world a rifle capable of firing repeatedly without reloading. Thus, since the Winchesters were more popular (though not necessarily better) and were repeaters (the reason for their popularity), and since Sharps didn't issue a repeater, sale of his rifles fell off and the Sharps Rifle Co. closed its doors in October of 1881.

For the man on the frontier his gun was a means of survival. Without it he was easy prey for Indians and numerous bandits. When the man on the frontier purchased a gun he wanted the most killing power he could get for his money; consequently, manufacturers strived to fulfill his demands, and thus the guns of the West evolved. •



ASTRIDE THE IRON HORSE AND RIDING WEST!

(Continued from page 27)

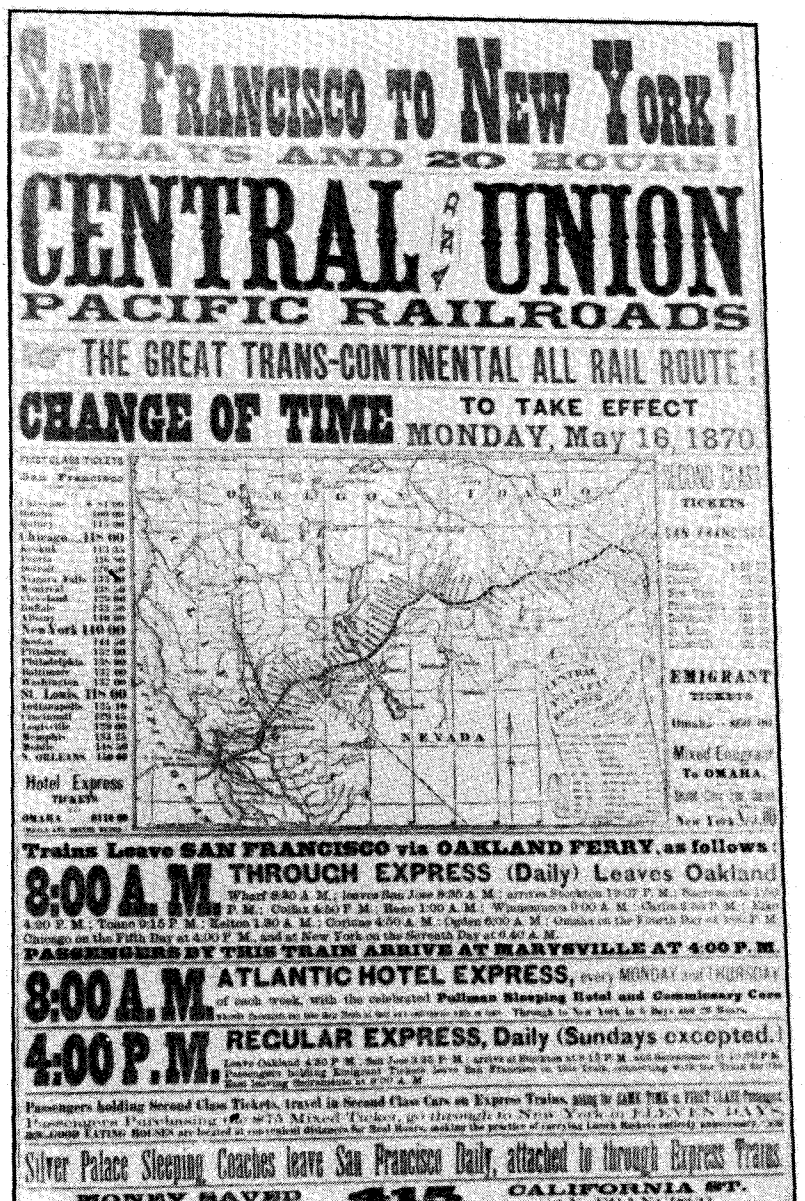
well as tobaccos.

As a means of gathering more passenger trade, a few western lines offered the chance of homesteading plots of land with the purchase of a transcontinental ticket. The railroads had gotten most of the vast acreage for nothing and could sell it for pennies. A few even offered ticket holders free sets of silver and dinnerware when they arrived at a California terminus, usually Oakland, and could turn in ticket stubs for gifts.

Sometimes, in remote areas, a train would actually stop a few hours so exhausted sleepless passengers could doze off and get some vital rest. It was risky to really stop more than a few minutes at a time along remote way stations. Indians were a problem and there were numerous attacks and the only way an Iron Horse could avoid them in hostile territory, was to keep a full head of steam and chug along at 40 miles an hour to outrun the Indian ponies and leave attackers far behind.

For protection, every conductor had his own arsenal of rifles and shotguns, and at the first cloud of dust coming across the plains toward the train, he would pass out weapons to the crew and to volunteers among the male passengers. While the engineer built up steam and hurled the train forward so the coaches bounced dangerously on often warped rails, women and children were huddled down using the protection of the seats until the danger passed.

Worse than the occasional hostile savage redmen, were the intrepid robbers who waited patiently at stations where puffing steam engines had to stop to cool and fill boilers with water. Contrary to most stories about such


SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK!
AND 20 HOURS
CENTRAL UNION
PACIFIC RAILROADS
THE GREAT TRANS-CONTINENTAL ALL RAIL ROUTE!
CHANGE OF TIME TO TAKE EFFECT MONDAY, May 16, 1870
NEVADA
EMIGRANT TICKETS
Hotel Express
Trains Leave SAN FRANCISCO via OAKLAND FERRY, as follows:
8:00 A.M. THROUGH EXPRESS (Daily) Leaves Oakland
PASSENGERS BY THIS TRAIN ARRIVE AT MARYSVILLE AT 4.00 P.M.
8:00 A.M. ATLANTIC HOTEL EXPRESS,
4:00 P.M. REGULAR EXPRESS, Daily (Sundays excepted.)
Silver Palace Sleeping Coaches leave San Francisco Daily, attached to through Express Trains.
MONEY SAVED BY BUYING TICKETS AT
415
CALIFORNIA ST.
SAN FRANCISCO

Attractive posters were used to lure people back east in half empty cars.

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badmen, they rarely hurt or raped a woman. Like some of the greedy conductors asking for bonuses, they went down the line, collecting money and jewelry. A lot of passengers would later wonder if there were any act of collusion between the gangs of badmen and the train crew in that so many hold ups occurred at the same water stops, over and over again.

Passengers and train crews who had arms, were loathe to use them against train robbers, as the latter were expert sharpshooters and were rather cold-blooded. If a man got in their way as they collected booty, he would be promptly shot and left to bleed to death while the collection of loot went on. Either that, or the bandits would throw him off the train bodily, wounds and all.

When the United States signed mail delivery contracts with transcontinental lines, the great train robberies became infrequent, but more daring, for bandits and renegades knew they would face long long prison terms, firing squads, or hanging, if caught robbing a mail train.

There was a tendency for male passengers to get rather restless after a few days journey out of New York. The trip wasn't too interesting until the crossing of the Missouri River took place, and the scenery then began to show change. As a means of offsetting monotony, hunters frequently amused passengers by boarding the trains and bagging buffalo and wild antelope while the trains were in motion.

Huge herds often blocked the route of the Iron Horse and would refuse to clear the track. Sometimes, packs of animals tore up track because they would be frightened by a puffing engine and rampaged wildly. Trainmen kept a supply of rifles for hunters who liked making a kill from a coach, but there was little sport to the practice of killing buffalo because they were in such number, and seemingly submitted readily to slaughter which decimated them in time.

The climb over the High Sierras was the most exciting part of the long journey west which frequently took ten days to two weeks, especially when there were snow blizzards, floods, and sandstorms to contend with.

Climbing the Sierras from the Nevada side and then following the twisting American River toward the fertile California valleys where land was available for homesteading, the train passengers were often bug-eyed at the sight of Orientals. The coolies worked the tracks of the Sierras, and did the job better than anyone else. Seeing them, queerly dressed in flowing gowns, and with long black queues, created as much surprise as seeing a redman for the first time. However, the Chinese were always friendly, waving and saluting passengers as trains passed.

The Central Pacific Railroad, which terminated at Oakland, California, aided passengers to catch slow ferries across the Bay to San Francisco, and helped make the City by the Golden Gate a great western metropolis.

By the 1880's, wealthy Americans were demanding comforts aboard coaches, and they not only got luxurious Pullmans, but dining cars, where almost every meal was a gourmet feast, providing one had the ample means and that meant spending as much as seventy-five cents a meal for a 10 or 12 course serving. That was big money in those times, and a large galley of Oriental and later, negro cooks, were on hand to offer unusual delicacies to the costly palate.

Then came the red velvet plush cars, the semi-private and private cars of the quick rich, and the millionaires, and the Victorian Era swept over the railroads, and richly appointed coaches plus class distinction and travel snobbery became too obvious.

The standard 44 feet long, flat-roofed cars with scarcely six feet of vertical height within coaches (causing tall men to invariably acquire a stoop plus head bruises), some with tiny windows one foot square of single pane glass, 14 windows to a side of the coach, plus open and often dirt gathering vestibules, were beginning to change as competition became keen.

Engines got larger, faster and smoother, and coaches offered more restful rides, and,—at last,—dining car prices became more moderate, and good restaurants opened at way stops. One of the most successful was the Harvey chain. In addition, passengers could purchase good Pullman berths and get a night's rest. The Pullmans also became spacious, and the ones before the turn of the century had narrow sleeping sections and two washrooms, plus a linen locker, and eventually added hinged tuck-away upper berths.

By 1890, riding the Iron horse in a westernly direction was no longer a dangerous and challenging journey. The Indians had been driven into reservations and marauding gangs of robbers had to face hired sharpshooters on mail and baggage cars and the great daring train robberies became mostly fictionalized.

Nevertheless, going astride the Iron Horse and riding toward the Far West was still a momentous and costly venture. For most of the millions who took this kind of trip, it was a "once-in-a-lifetime" move, for nearly everyone bought a one-way ticket and few headed back. California was then the great Golden Land, and the railroads, through advertising, helped perpetuate the legend and lured a great many into dipping into their life's savings for the long journey, but there were few regrets. People really wanted to go west and the then rough railroads offered the fastest route. ●

TRAGIC STAGECOACH SAGA

(Continued from page 37)

The Ward story was used extensive ly to belittle and ridicule the *New York Tribune's* crusading editor when he was the Liberal Republican Party presidential candidate in the bitter national election in 1872. His editorial attacks on the Grant administration had been merciless. And now he was opposing Grant in the coming election.

The most effective anti-Greeley weapons used were probably political cartoon created by a staff artist for *Harper's Weekly*, Thomas Nast. Political cartoons carried messages to even the most illiterate voter. And as a political cartoonist, Nast was a master craftsman. Ther German-born Nast gave us our donkey and elephant party symbols but it is doubtful that Horace Greeley would have given Nast the time of day. For Nast turned his attention to Greeley during the campaign and included in his cartoons references to Greeley's California encounter with Hank Monk—as related to the Artemus Ward version.

When the election was over, Horace was broken. On October 30, (six days before the election), his wife, Mary, died. This loss coupled with the personal attacks made on him and then being handed the worst defeat ever suffered by a losing presidential candidate, drained the great man.

Twenty-three days after the election Greeley was dead.

Rightly or wrongly Greeley fixed blame for the Ward story on Hank Monk. Greeley expressed his feeling when, shortly before his death, he received a request from Hank Monk for some favor—to which he replied:

> I would rather see you 10,000 fathoms in Hell than give you a crust of bread, for you are the only man who ever had the opportunity to place me in a ridiculous light, and you villainously exercised that opportunity, you damned scamp.

●

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CREEDE: FOUR YEARS OF GLORY

(Continued from page 15)

the town's area.

As a result, competition for existing land was fierce. Lot jumping was frequent, and the only way to be certain of possession was to be on the lot. To be sure, more of these disputes were settled with the business end of a six shooter than the orderly processes of legislated law. As a consequence of these and other disputes, the undertaking business flourished in Creede.

In 1891 the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad extended a branch line to Creede. With this avenue of easy transportation people and building materials poured into Creede. When the line first opened, a near riot erupted in Creede as people rushed to get their goods off the first train in town.

To help accommodate the many people who came to Creede and were unable to find lodging, the railroad parked sleeping cars on a side track. Consequently, it is of little surprise to learn the branch paid for itself in the first four months of operation.

Early in 1892, between 150 and 300 people a day were arriving in Creede by various means. Among these people was W. A. Braiden, a pioneer resident in the San Louis region. Braiden made his strikes in cattle and business. Long before precious metals brought men to that region, Braiden was an established cattleman. With immigration which resulted from discovery of silver, Braiden began to provide services for prospectors and mine workers.

In 1892 he extended his stageline from La Jara to Creede, starting a day and night hack-line. Also in that year, he opened a livery barn and a grain store in Creede. He handled lumber, coal, feeds, grain, and wholesale meats. He worked day and night, rarely sleeping more than four hours a night since he was unable to find trustworthy help.

At that time activity in Creede was at its peak. The town boasted at least 75 saloons, three dance halls, one variety theater, and nearly a hundred hotels. (The quality of these hotels is questionable when we realize a premium was paid for even a place to throw a blanket and sleep for one night.)

Life in Creede was fast and reckless, with gunfights the rule rather than the exception. Braiden wrote about having a meal in a restaurant where he was seated across from a drunk. Bob Ford's tent saloon, a legend in itself, was located across the street. The drunk was holding a bowl in his hand when a stray bullet from Ford's saloon crashed through the restaurant window and knocked the bowl from the drunk's hands.

Without hesitating or faltering, the drunk requested another bowl of whatever it was he had been holding just moments before. However, Braiden recounts, there was no one around to serve him—everyone was flat on the floor.

The business of disposing of Creede's dead seemed so lucrative Braiden decided to enter it himself. He contracted with several undertakers to transport bodies to their graves. He averaged eight or nine trips a day, being paid $1.50 per trip.

(Other prices in Creede—taken from Braiden's account—were as follows: live cattle, 2.5-4 cts. per lb.; live hogs, 2.5-3 cts. per lb.; saddle horse $25.00-$40.00 each; oats, 65-75 cts. per hundred lbs.; corn, 60-65 cts. per hundred lbs.; common labor wage, $1.00-$1.50 per day; and meal tickets, $5.00 per week.)

On more than one occasion Braiden was the only person present at graveside to give a few last words. To be sure, decorum was nonexistent with the ceremony running something as follows: "Bill Johnson, you were one damn square boy. You never did any harm. So, goodbye, Bill, and God bless you."

After a fire on June 5, 1892, which virtually destroyed the entire Creede business district, Braiden rebuilt his establishment about two hundred feet from Ford's newly established Tent Saloon. As a result, Braiden was one of the first on the scene following Ford's murder by Bob Kelley.

Braiden and his foreman were saddling horses when they heard shots from Bob Ford's saloon. The foreman rushed toward the saloon while Braiden proceeded more cautiously. Just as Braiden was entering the saloon, he was greeted by Bob Kelley with a gun in his hand and a grin on his face.

Kelley had shot Bob Ford through the throat. When Braiden entered the saloon, he saw Bob Ford lying in a pool of blood with Mrs. Ford by his side.

Ford's funeral was held the next day with Braiden furnishing the hearse, a Concord Spring Wagon. Braiden and his brother drove.

Bob Kelley was found guilty in the murder of Bob Ford and was sentenced to life in Colorado's penitentiary. However, he was pardoned in two years. Shortly thereafter, he killed a Negro in Texas and was acquitted on a plea of self-defense. But a few years later Kelley came to death just as he had brought it to many others: in a gunfight.

What little law and order Creede knew in her beginning was the result of efforts (though not entirely altruistic) by Soapy Smity, who was later to become famous for his involvement with the Alaska-Yukon gold rush.

When he came to Creede, he established himself as head of the town's government. A government virtually established by himself, since, before his arrival, the town had no government of any kind.

He successfully satisfied both the honest and dishonest in Creede. He made few arrests, prevented known troublemakers from entering Creede, and ran off those who became troublesome after their arrival. He collected tribute from every gambler in Creede, and we can suspect he collected from

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other underhanded deals as well.

Smith encouraged civic pride, sponsoring many enterprises, proper and improper. He put men in town offices who would do his bidding.

When Parson Uzzell of Leadville and Denver came to Creede, he preached from a table in a new pool hall. As Uzzell slept that night, some of Smith's men cut a hole in his tent and stole his trousers containing the proceeds of his collection.

After Smith heard about this, he forced his subordinates to not only return the trousers, but to return them containing more money than when they had been taken.

Following the fire of 1892 and the Silver Panic of 1893, Smith's days were numbered. The fire, kindled by the highly inflammable dried pine and pitch used in most buildings, raged through Creede resulting in property losses between half a million and a million dollars. (There was no loss of life.) After the fire, the town was essentially rebuilt from scratch.

The Silver Panic of 1893 lowered the price of silver and consequently had a sobering effect on Creede's spiraling economy.

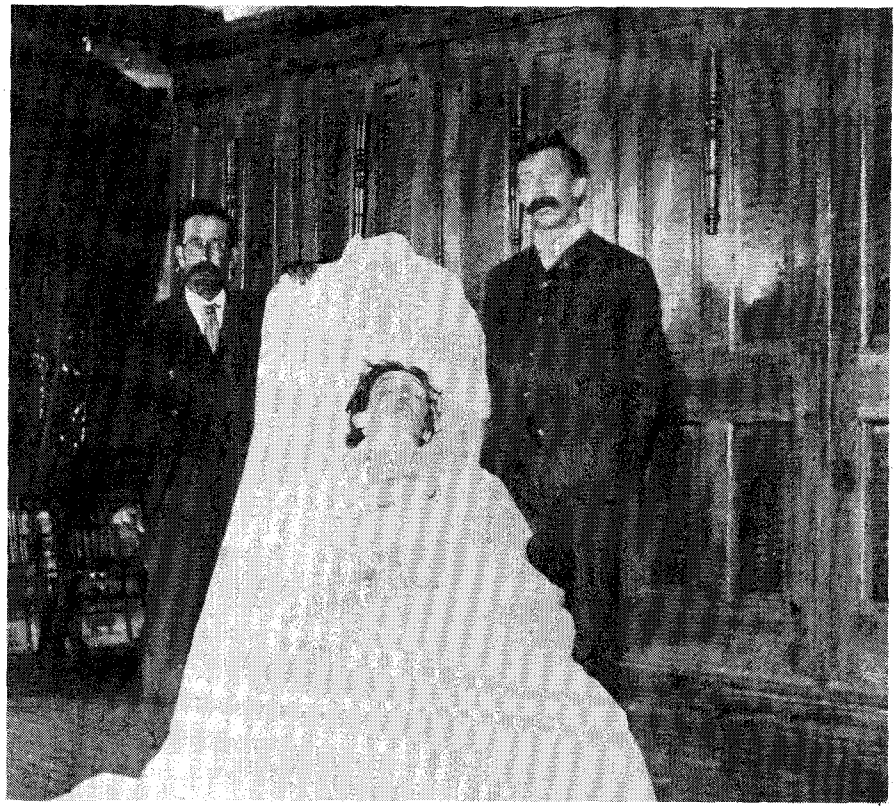
As the town was rebuilt, citizens took more pride in it, with renewed interest in city government. When the price of silver fell, many people left Creede, mostly lawless types who made for the recklessness which characterized Creede before the fire.

With these events in progress, Smith saw it was time to move on, to places where he could operate his crooked dealings with less public scrutiny. However, it is of interest to note that Smith was still in control when he left Creede. At least he had sense enough to see the end before it slapped him in the face.

The boom in Creede was over almost before it started, lasting roughly four years, from 1889 to 1893. During that time the town attracted a population of over ten thousand where before there had been not even a prospector's cabin. By 1893 the population was a fraction of its peak. We can almost imagine an exodus on a scale approximating the rush to Creede in its nascency.

As with other areas of America's frontier regions, the lure of precious metal was the factor responsible for civilization. And Creede is especially typical of this situation since it was founded in a desolate, unpopulated region of Colorado characterized by minimum subsistence. As soon as the price of silver declined, Creede declined.

Mining continues today in Creede on a limited basis. Probably the most distinguishing feature of Creede today is its being the county seat of Mineral County—a far cry from the Creede of the early 1890's when men came to Creede to make their fortune. •



CALAMITY JANE: HER TRUE STORY

(Continued from page 47)

worked hard and happily at rail laying until Promonotory Point was reached and the last spike driven in 1869.

She went to Cheyenne during the winter of 1869-70 where she established her right to drink at bars hitherto reserved exclusively for men. She reasoned that as she had worked as well as any man on the railroads she was entitled to drink with them. Her determination to have her way was generally accepted and if there was any hesitation on the part of a new bartender in town, he quickly found himself looking down the barrel of her pistol.

When muleskinning and railroad jobs were not available, Martha was sometimes forced to resort to her mother's former profession. She disliked this last recourse, not because she didn't appreciate sex, but because she did not like being used. As she herself put it, "I got work dancing with men who had no other thought except that a woman was made for a man's bidding. Goody goody Christ-all-full people kick a woman around for selling her soul to keep her body but who gives a damn if a woman dies from want of something to eat because she's too good to skin a mule or skin a tinhorn."

Several tales about Martha emerged during this time period. One of them, probably true, is that she accompanied Majors Russell and Waddell's cattle drive between Denver and Kansas City in 1870-71. Her presence in several Kansas cattle towns during these years is documented. In fact in Hayes City, perhaps feeling societal pressure, Martha affected a certain amount of femininity by putting on a dress. This relapse into frilly attire earned her the temporary sobriquet of "Prairie Queen," a name she disdainfully rejected. After that episode, Martha Jane virtually abandoned women's society altogether.

The name she loved and used to its full value was "Calamity Jane." It was a name that fit no matter how she got it. Her autobiography gives a highly unlikely story that when she rescued a Captain Pat Egan from certain death by a tribe of Nez Perce, he exclaimed, "Jane, you're a wonderful little woman to have around in times of calamity. From now on your name's Calamity Jane." Several other stories, equally unlikely, have also been told as to how she got her famous appelation. However it came about, it seems a natural for someone who operated in a continual cloud of calamity. Such a name automatically had its advantages and legends quickly invented themselves with no discouragement from the prime character herself, of course.

The spring of 1875 found Calamity with thoughts of love regarding a certain young military man by the name

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of Frank Siechrist. When he was assigned to escort a party of civilian minerologists to the Black Hills Sioux Reservation, she managed to smuggle herself along without being discovered. This trip proved to be a decisive point in her life as it was then that she discovered the Black Hills gold camps. The prospect of a whole new wild and woolly frontier town excited Calamity's imagination. It's a credit to Sgt. Siechrist's amourous abilities that she did not leave immediately for the new life. She continued to stay with him for another year.

During that year, Calamity tried her smuggling act again as troops under Commander Crook left Ft. Laramie to do business with some errant Sioux. Her version of the story indicated this campaign was the height of her military career as she courageously fought Indians and carried important messages. She further claims she was carrying the warning message that would have saved Custer and his troops but as she swam the Platte River in her journey she caught pneumonia and was taken to the hospital at Ft. Fetterman instead. Truth has it that on a hot day in June, 1876, Calamity couldn't resist going swimming in the Platte with the other troopers. Since swim-suits were not available and her form didn't meet military regulation, our heroine was discovered and sent back to Ft. Fetterman under military guard.

Finished with her military career, Jane set out for the Black Hills. Shortly after her unostentatious entry into the town of Deadwood, South Dakota in 1876, the famous Wild Bill Hickock arrived. At this stage in his career, Bill was no longer simply an individual, but a flashy institution always traveling with Colorado Charlie Utter, Bloody Dick Seymour and two others. All five liked to dress in fancy buckskins with shiny pistols in gaudily decorated holsters. In short they were showmen living off the reputation and name of Wild Bill Hickock. As soon as they saw Calamity Jane they saw the profitability of adding a female to their troupe. Jane was suddenly thrust to the limelight in her new buckskins and pistols. She took to it like a duck to water and the six lived life as a continual circus and pageant for five brief weeks.

On August 2, 1876, Jack McCall shot Wild Bill Hickock and the dream was over. Calamity cried openly at Bill's funeral, not so much for Bill himself as some claim, but for the loss of his glory—and hers. She said then that when she died she wanted to be buried next to Bill. The request would be honored in twenty-seven years.

With the death of Wild Bill's troupe, Calamity's notoriety receded from that of a celebrity to that of a "character" in Deadwood. Yet, suddenly her fame was spreading throughout the rest of the country. By 1878 several of her stories were being printed in a book entitled *The Coming of an Empire,* authored by a Horatio Maguire. Subsequently, highly romanticized versions of her antics appeared in dozens of dime novels. The West was truly becoming conscious of itself as a happening and Calamity Jane was reaping the benefits.

While readers in the east ate up the wild stories about her, Calamity was earning a new name for herself in Deadwood—that of a modern day Joan of Arc. A smallpox epidemic hit the town in 1878 and hundreds were afflicted. Jane, relying on her natural skill as an uneducated nurse, went from cabin to cabin aiding those she could, all without pay. She herself finally came down with it and survived although her soft features became pock-marked and coarse. To many, her tender and charitable acts in nursing were a paradox to her raucous life style. Most considered her nursing ability her only feminine trait. Calamity did not feel the paradox. She was simply herself, capable of soft feelings and having no need for hypocrisy or frilly trappings.

This genuine personality of hers was completely misinterpreted by several who questioned her sexuality. Clarence Paine, as late as 1944, lacking insight into her character, claims she was a female hermaphrodite. Mr. Paine apparently didn't stop to think if masculinity were questioned, one might judge the old fur trappers and others with long hair in a different light.

Calamity would have chuckled at Paine's description of her sexuality and no doubt would have invited him into her bed as a final exam of the situation. Calamity Jane rarely lacked for bed partners. Some say she was married twelve times; others say she was never married, but all agree she lived with various mates. She herself claims to have been married twice; once to Wild Bill Hickock and once to Charley Burke. Obviously her claim to have been married to Wild Bill is simply an effort to capitalize on his glory, and although Jane claims to have had a daughter by Hickock, it's more likely she realized the value of his name and just named him honorary father of the newborn (who was subsequently given up for adoption). The marriage to Charley Burke is more plausible. She claims to have married him in August, 1885. Burke, a conservative rancher from Colorado, had no idea what he was getting himself into. It didn't take long for him to realize that Jane felt confined by their arrangement and he accepted her frequent and long ramblings away from home. He ruefully scratched his head and figured she was probably the only woman in the world who ran away from her husband because he gave her too soft a living.

Frequent and long ramblings are just about all Jane did from the latter 1870's through the mid 1890's. Without purpose or aim, she roamed Montana and Wyoming for most of this time period. In 1893, Caspter, Wyoming was a young upstart town and Calamity was naturally drawn to it. One of her first achievements upon her arrival in Casper was to get herself thrown in jail for starting a fight. But as she split the air with her spicy vocabularly hollering to be let out, a genial crowd liquored up the marshal, took him home, and freed the lady prisoner. They loved to hear her stories and wanted more. As was the custom wherever she went, the crowd bought the drinks.

Unfortunately, this habit of plying Calamity with liquor did her no favors. As her brain became whiskey-sodden, her features, marked with smallpox, showed the ravages of time far beyond her years. Her drinking habit cost her more than her appearance, too. In the late 1890's she was once again in buckskins as she went into the wild west show business. But with hands trembling from liquor, she was not a great success with her shooting act. She was traded from show to show and in 1896 was at the Palace Museum in Minneapolis. That was the same year her so-called autobiography was printed. There is no doubt Calamity wrote the pamphlet and also no doubt that 99 per cent of it is contrived with no basis in fact.

The summer of 1901 brought the climax to this recent magnificence in her life. That summer she was hired for the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. But there was a disagreement over the royalties on the autobiography and Calamity quit in protest, shooting up the Midway on her way out. Buffalo Bill helped pay her way back to Billings.

Calamity Jane spent the last two years of her life panhandling and selling souvenirs of herself. As if in an attempt to recapture the renown and brilliance of old she returned to Deadwood in the spring of 1903. She toured several of the outlying camps and on August 1, 1903, in a South Dakota mining camp named Terry, she died a common drunk. Her funeral attracted as much attention as her life had. It was a raucous farewell for someone who had lived a raucous life. She is buried in the Mt. Moriah Cemetery next to Wild Bill Hickock, as requested. ●

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THE WAGON TRAIN OF 1843

(Continued from page 20)

two mules, a supply of bedding and provisions. They arrived at the meeting place, elated, confident and overwhelmed by the vast assemblage, May 17th. His enthusiasm is eloquently expressed in his journal: "The moon shed her silvery light upon the white sheets of sixty wagons; a thousand head of cattle grazed upon the surrounding plain; fifty camp fires sent up their brilliant flames, and the sound of the sweet violin was heard in the tents."

But enthusiasm can be dampened. During the first days his ardor was swiftly cooled by what he terms "the most conclusive test of character, and the very best school in which to study human nature." There was fun and laughter in camp, but also disagreements, accusations and fist fights; and when the train got underway a thousand vexations uncovered the true mettle of a man, be it good or bad. There were bitter disputes over the most trivial things, accusations were hurled here and there when a horse or mule was missing—but balancing these were equal numbers of acts of valor and generosity.

Missionary Dr. Marcus Whitman, whom we have already mentioned, was at Westport, Missouri, on his return trip from Washington to his mission at Waiilatpu, Oregon. Going from wagon-to-wagon young Burnett talked up the idea of having a man who was not only a Minister of the Gospel, but was also a medical doctor (who knew the road to Oregon) join the emigrant train. Accordingly, a delegation visited Whitman; he agreed to join. Three days after Burnett arrived, the emigrants held a public meeting to elect officers and adopt a constitution and by-laws which all members of the train could follow.

Many speakers took the stand. Indeed, the assembly included persons of stature, well qualified to express intelligent opinions; such men as New York journalist, George Wilkes, Colonel John Thornton, Colonel Bartleson, Mr. Rickman, Dr.Whitman, William Martin, Daniel Matheny, J.W. Nesmith, Jesse Applegate, many of whom were to make Western history. In a few days they would be joined by the now-famous missionaries Fathers De Smet and De Vos.

One over-zealous speaker, a Mr. Dumberton from Tennessee, made history that day by recommending that the people of the train adopt the criminal laws of both Missouri and Tennessee. Someone quipped, in reply, that they should also take along a penitentiary.

Although a code was adopted, people became restless as the day wore on, and no officers had been named except, of course, Captain Gant, who had already been hired as guide. But, somehow, two days later, on May 22nd, the wagons started to roll. Four days later, they reached the Kansas River, a quarter mile wide and too deep to ford; here the first treachery occurred.

A mass meeting was called to consider whether or not they should agree to pay the exorbitant charge asked by the French ferry operator; he was all set to make a killing. After three days of debating, it was agreed by majority vote that the wagonmen would build their own ferry by joining canoes with planks. While they were busily assembling the ferry, some of the emigrants made a secret deal with the Frenchman, and rolled their wagons on to his barge; it foundered in the middle of the river.

The great democratic principles of "the will of the majority," "all for one and one for all" had been tested and failed. It had been violated by the few seeking "special privileges" and although they paid for their disloyalty with a good dunking, they had, nevertheless, sown the seeds of distrust and suspicion in an otherwise cooperative society. Well, almost cooperative. In a prairie containing nothing but space, men would sometimes quarrel over a few yards of camp site, or fight for a stick of firewood. And ambition began to show its ugly head when over-greedy families (wanting to reach Oregon first and get the best land although Oregon was still seventeen hundred miles away) would pull to the side and needlessly whip their horses and mules into a lather, trying to race ahead of the crowd.

Burnett concluded that if "these tests of character and studies of human nature" persisted at such an early hour, the confusion would become utter chaos before the end of the journey was in sight. The useless mistreatment of animals greatly concerned him; he had respect for his animals, especially his oxen.

He called the ox "the noblest of draft-animals . . . possessing more genuine hardihood and pluck than either mules or horses . . . He not only gathers his food more rapidly than the horse or mule, but he will climb rocky hills, cross muddy streams, and plunge into swamps and thickets for pasture. He will seek his food in places where other animals will not go . . . But once an ox is broken down, there is no hope of saving him . . . Thus, on such a trip as ours one becomes greatly attached to his oxen, for upon them his safety depends."

It is easy to understand his disgust over the injury of noble beasts, simply to gratify mens' vanity and ambition. They, no doubt, would eventually be travelling on foot (if they ever reached Oregon at all!)

Other things bothered him: people were wasteful of food, throwing away crusts and portions of bread (which in a few weeks they would be craving.) At first it was the custom, too, to wine and dine every visitor to your tent, but free-loaders took ample advantage of it and this hospitable custom had to go. Burnett relates that the five young men travelling with him and his wife at first refused to touch any part of the bacon rind; but in a few weeks they were begging for it.

After ten days on the trail the great straggling horde had reached such a state of disorder and confusion, the sober minds of the entourage decided it was time to call a halt, hold an election, form a government and start living like the decent law-abiding citizens their constitution and by-laws anticipated. Because of his obvious deep concern for the welfare of the rolling community young Peter Burnett (later to become Governor of California) was chosen captain. James W. Nesmith (later to become U.S. Senator from Oregon) was elected orderly sergeant. Nine men were elected to the general council. As agreed, this would be a "rule by the consent of the governed." Accordingly every able-bodied man was required to register. The officers divided them impartially and at random into work details, guard watch, and hunting parties. Camp sites for each family were assigned, in advance, for the formation of the nightly hollow square.

But under Burnett's strictly democratic leadership "the governed" seemed to "consent to be governed" only when it served their pleasure. If a man didn't like his assigned duty, he grumbled, half-performed or even refused to work. The biggest "beef" came from the herdsmen, it positively galled men who had never owned cattle to herd animals in which they had no interest whatsoever (while the men to whom the cattle belonged were, perhaps, enjoying themselves at some more desirable chore.) Complaints against the management persisted. And then the weather changed.

Summer storms began early in June. Streams were running so high on June 5th and 6th the great party had to cross the two forks of the Blue River by jacking up the wagon beds on the bolsters; only the sheer weight of the loads held the wheels on the bottom against the current. The next night a terrible storm broke; tents blew down and water flooded the camp. In a state of great confusion people began blaming their misfortunes on their elected representation. And when still another devastating storm hit on June 8th the

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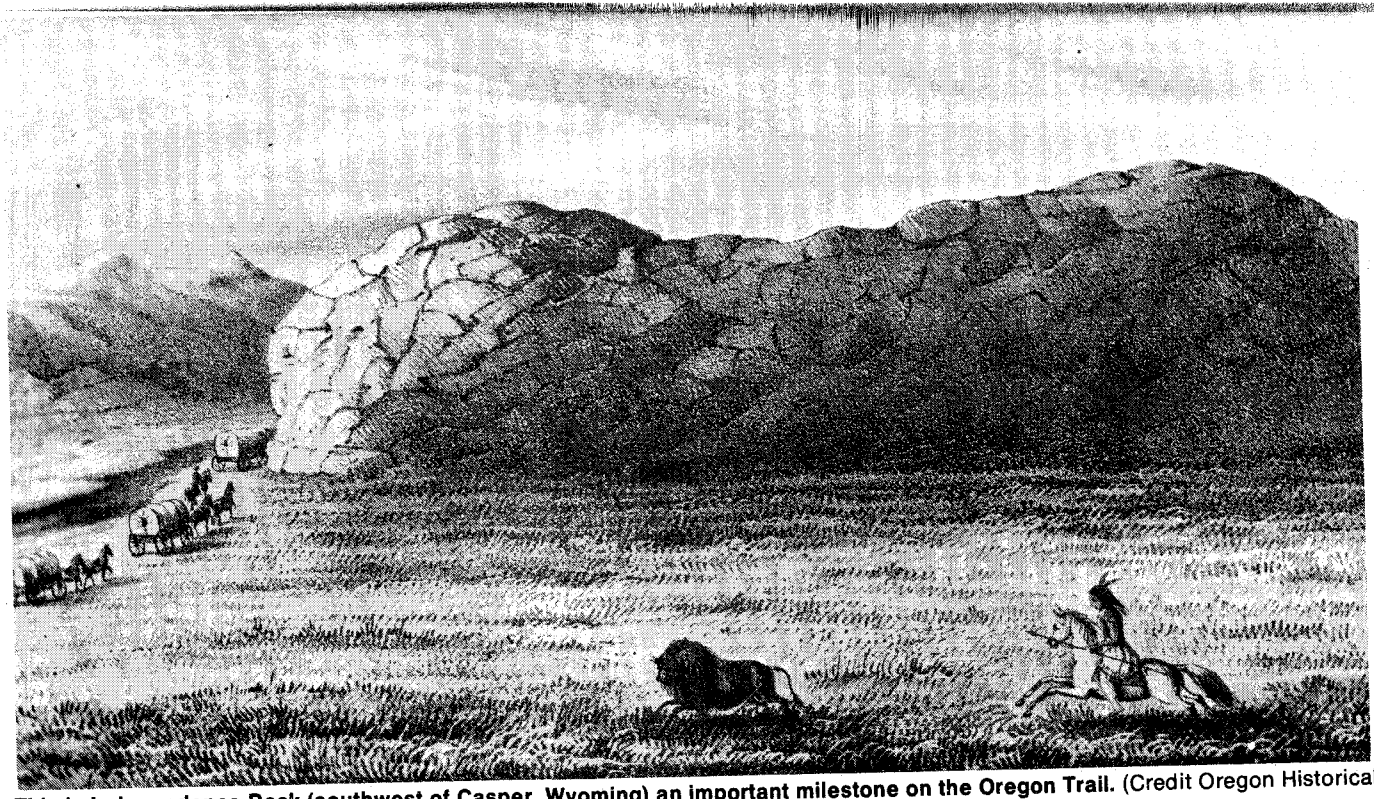

This is Independence Rock (southwest of Casper, Wyoming) an important milestone on the Oregon Trail. (Credit Oregon Historical Society)

"cowboys" who owned no cows of their own, walked off the job in bold defiance of government. This mutiny so provoked their gallant leader that he resigned in disgust. This was on the eighth day of his rule.

Another mass meeting was held. It was decided to split the great cavalcade into the "haves" and "have-nots" (have cows and have no cows.) The "haves", to be known as the Cow Column, elected Jesse Applegate as their leader. The "have-nots" or Light Column chose William Martin.

Applegate was a tall, wiry man well-educated like Burnett, but an outdoor man and surveyor (he would establish the Applegate Cut-off in 1845.) Unlike Burnett, too, he cared nothing for oratory or appeals for democratic coopera tion. A man of action, you either followed his commands or got out of his train.

His genius for precise organization deserves mention here: Every morning at four o'clock, the sentinels would fire their rifles. This was the alarm clock; morning camp fires soon began spiralling, breakfast was on the way. Meanwhile, sixty men started after the herd, spreading out as they went so as to round up the feeding animals, some of them being as far as two miles away. The herders on the extreme fringes would carefully examine the outskirts for trails leading off, making sure no animals had strayed or been stolen during the night.

By five o'clock the well-trained animals would be headed toward camp in a great moving circle, gently urged on by the herders. When they came close, teamsters would begin cutting out their respective teams and driving them inside the corral to be yoked. The corral, by the way, is a circle three hundred feet across formed by sixty wagons fastened securely front-to-rear by tongues and ox chains—a barricade the most cantankerous ox cannot break, and a considerable protection against an attack by the Sioux. From six o'clock to seven there is not a minute to spare: breakfast must be over, fires put out, tents struck, wagons loaded, teams yoked and ready for the seven o'clock signal. If you are not ready, you fall behind and eat dust all day.

The sixty wagons have been divided into fifteen groups (platoons) of four wagons each; the lead platoon today will be (that is, unless some laggard has won the place) the rear one tomorrow, then work its way up again. At exactly ten minutes to seven, the strong barricade is broken, the teams having been hitched up, women and children safely in the wagons, the teamsters ready to crack the whip, the cow drivers hovering at the rear of their charge, a small cluster of buffalo hunters mount up to one side, and the guide (a frontiersman chosen for his years of experience in the wilderness) swings astride his horse. On the stroke of seven, at the sound of the bugle, the whole vast caravan comes alive with shouts, cracking whips and groaning wheels. Platoons swing into their respective positions with military precision, and the spot which for one night was a busy little city sinks back into the solitude of the prairie.

Looking back from the perspective of the hunting party, some six miles away, one could now help admiring the well-ordered precision of Applegate's "Cow Column." The wagons are deployed, or separated, only as far apart as a prudent regard for safety will permit. Ahead of the wagons, near the bank of a shining river is a company of horsemen, led by Applegate. They ride back and forth along the bank in search of a favorable crossing. The riders soon pass over the creek. One of them raises a flag, signalling the wagons to steer their course to where he stands. The leading wagon, still two miles away, makes directly for the flag; others follow in his track. In the long, almost mile-length line of wagons some teamsters ride, some march beside their teams, and walking along beside are women taking their morning exercise and children running with their dogs or stooping to gather bouquets of wild flowers. Behind the wagons comes a band of horses followed by two or three men and boys, and at the tail end of the vast moving panorama come the cattle, the most vexatious of all, never satisfied, always hungry and always wanting to go counter to the wishes of their drivers. This is by far the hardest, dustiest, detail of the whole march. No wonder Burnett's cowboys mutinied!

The pilot, by measuring the road and timing the speed of the wagons, has ridden ahead and selected a nooning place; he and his troop of fellow frontiersmen are already preparing convenient watering places for the teams. At noon the teams will be turned loose from the wagons, but not unyoked. A corral is not formed at noon; the wagons are drawn up in columns, four abreast, the leading wagon of each platoon on the left. As the hunters return, they find their friends reunited for a brief respite, at noon, as they hurry through lunch.

At one o'clock the bugle sounds again

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and the caravan pursues its westward journey, but with something less than the morning's eagerness. Animals appear to plod on in a trance, teamsters fall asleep and snore on their seats, many of the wives and children are napping in the wagons. Only one incident breaks into the monotony of the afternoon: Dr. Whitman has been riding for some time beside a certain wagon; now he orders it to pull aside, pitch a tent, and kindle a fire. Eyebrows are raised and tongues wag with conjecture as the lone wagon is left behind . . . At length the sun lowers in the west; at the pre-selected location the pilot stands ready to conduct the train into the circle he has already measured off and marked out to form their nightly fortification. Wagon follows wagon in the same track, until its tongue and ox chain will perfectly reach from one to the other; the hindmost wagon must precisely close the circle. Ten minutes after the leading wagon halts, the barricade is formed, teams are unyoked and driven out to pasture.

Everyone concentrates on preparing and eating the evening meal, for before the eight o'clock watch is set, there is to be a session of the council. A dispute has arisen between a wagon-master and a young man who agreed to be his helper, for bed and board. This sort of dispute is a common occurrence on the train, and much interest is shown in how the high court of the council (from which there is no appeal) will define the rights of each party. The council is composed of the ablest and most respected fathers, many who in later years will achieve high legal honors, become governors and command armies. Without the need for lawyers entering pleas to hinder or defeat the ends of justice, the council listens to the aggrieved parties, examines witnesses or their spokesmen, and decides each case according to its merits.

Before the council finishes its deliberations, the missing wagon arrives, with Dr. Whitman riding proudly alongside . . . and word spreads that both mother and child are doing fine.

The council reaches its decision and adjourns, the work of the day over. Somewhere the notes of a flute float melancholy on the night air, and a violin strikes up a happy tune. At ten the night watch is set; the camp grows quiet. It has been a good day; they are twenty miles closer to their goal.

It must not be thought that even the Applegate column moved with such smoothness all the way to Oregon. People still quarreled, grew dissatisfied and switched back and forth between columns, for reasons of their own. Before they reached Independence Rock beyond Fort Laramie there were four completely separate companies, though they stayed close enough to each other to intercommunicate. Beyond Independence Rock, all danger of Indians being considered past, the emigrants broke into literally dozens of parties, each setting its own pace.

Fortunately for the emigrants, they slipped by without Indian trouble. Early in the journey (June 6th) a war party of ninety Kansas and Osage Indians visited the train. One of them spoke English; they had gone without food for three days and were hungry. On the advice of Captain Gant, a generous collection of provisions was turned over to the warriors, who went their way without incident. Again, on June 17th, a party of friendly Pawnee buffalo hunters stopped by, and gave the travelers a large quantity of jerked buffalo meat.

The four hundred mile trek up the Platte began at the head of Grand Island the morning of June 19th. They came into good buffalo country on June 22nd and feasted on fresh meat for the ensuing weeks. These were the days immediately preceeding the great Indian wars; the red man could still roam at will and buffalo were still plentiful. Thus, except for the daily vexations of keeping body and soul together, and wagon and beast in proper alignment, the long journey up the Platte was pleasant. Game was plentiful, water was no problem, the weather mild, and always there was Dr. Marcus Whitman riding up and down the columns cheering everyone, and paying especial attention to the needs of the women and children.

July slipped by without serious incident until the dry atmosphere of the trail crossing over from the South Fork to North Fork began to shrink the wagons. Tires came loose, and the wagons bumpity-bumped past Chimney Rock and Scotts Bluff and into Fort Laramie with all sorts of makeshifts: some with pine wedges driven in crosswise between wheels and tires, and others with hoop iron driven between wooden rims and the tires. And, once again, they faced a swollen stream; in order to cross from the east side to the west side of the river the emigrants borrowed two small boats from the forts, built a platform between them—probably the last big cooperative action of the rolling community.

This delay allowed the wagonmen time to visit the Sybille, Adams & Company and American Fur Company's forts, restock their provisions, buy some real "western" buckskin shirts and moccasins, trade horses, fix their wagons and generally prepare for the last lap of their journey.

Peter Burnett, whose perception was without limit, jotted down the following prices in the American Fur Company store: "Coffee and brown sugar, $1.50 per pint; flour, 25 cents per pound; powder, $1.50 per pound; lead, 75 cents per pound, percussion caps, $1.50 per box; calico (inferior quality), $1 per yard."

He (or was it some other emigrant) noted that alcohol was diluted three to one and three cups cost an Indian one buffalo robe. The drinks were often dipped up with a cup half-full of tallow. When a purchaser approached the point of intoxication his drinks consisted mostly of Laramie Creek water. The big city tricks of faulty scales, counterfeit money and just plain cheating had found their way to Indian country.

The big cavalcade fell apart along the Sweetwater, once they had passed Independence Rock. As we have already mentioned, the danger of Indian attacks was considered over, and the train broke up into small groups, each one deciding for itself how fast it wanted to travel.

Lieutenant John C. Fremont, now on his Second Expedition (to Oregon and California) followed behind the great horde in August, September and October and was amazed at the deep ruts left by the caravan. His men found a cow and calf left behind by the emigrants and were thus favored with daily fresh milk. In late August, they came upon a family of emigrants resting beside their wagon in the meadows of Bear River. Farther on they saw where wagons had been upset, and learned from the Indians how the emigrants had crossed the Snake River ford by lashing their wagons together, two abreast.

During the winter of 1843-44 Burnett wrote a description of his journey to Oregon on "some hundred and twenty-five foolscap pages of manuscript," and sent it to the New York Herald. His glowing widely-published account pronounced the trip easy and inexpensive. Besides being fun, people could make money on the route selling wagons and cattle. Fremont returned from his now-famous Second Expedition to Oregon and California in August 1844, and his report, published the following Spring whipped "Oregon fever" into a lather. People didn't bother to wait for the "green grass" of Spring any more, they just took off. And James K. Polk didn't help matters by platforming his 1844 campaign with "All of Oregon or None—Fifty-four Forty or Fight." There was really nothing left to fight about. Peter Burnett, William Martin, Jesse Applegate and their traveling companions had already taken Oregon! ●

SOURCES:
Recollections and Opinions of an Old Pioneer, by Peter H. Burnett, The first governor of the State of California
The Overland Trail by Jay Monaghan
The California Historical Society Quarterly, March 1967.
"International Rivalry for California and the Establishment of the British Consulate" by A.P. Nasatir

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STANDING BEAR'S CONTRIBUTION TO ALL AMERICAN INDIANS

(Continued from page 21)

Cloud 3rd chief of the tribe, another chief "Podora" and 13 others. Three Ponca children were carried off into slavery.

The reason for the attack, according to the Sioux, was that the Ponca had sold their lands and made treaty with the Whites.

Upon the return of the hunting party Chief Wegaspi confronted agent Gregory, denouncing the government for rewarding its enemies, the Sioux, while neglecting the Ponca.

Holding up a handful of bloody arrows, he said: "I am home from the battle of Elkhorn. I shall be woman no longer, "but go on warpath with my tribe as I used to before my great father talked soft and tied my hands." He straightened his shoulders and spoke firmly. "It is better to die like warriors than wait until the Sioux come to kill us."

Times grew worse for the Ponca. Finally in 1861 Agent Gregory was replaced by J. B. Hoffman. The following year a manual labor school was established on the Ponca reserve and for the first time the Indians were exposed to trade items. The Ponca progressed during this time, yet the chiefs complained about their lack of goods; no ammunition for their rifles, no shafts for their scythes and no thread for their dry goods. Agent Hoffman also reported the half-axes and squaw axes were comparatively worthless. But the situation grew worse.

Through an almost criminal blunder, the U. S. Commission ceded to the Teton Dakota a tract of land which included all the Ponca land, ceded and unceded.

General George Crook was ordered to arrest 'Escaping' Standing Bear.

Now the Teton war parties had a perfect excuse for raids on the Ponca—The Ponca were accused of trespassing on Teton territory!

The Federal government made no effort whatsoever to correct this fantastic error to protect the Ponca from their enemies as promised in the treaty of 1858. Though they were appealed to over and over by the different chiefs.

This treatment continued for the next 8 years. The government seemed to consent to the sacrifice of the rights of peace of a tribe that had never made war upon it nor broken the faith. But at the same time they were furnishing Sioux warriors with heavy calibre rifles of the latest make ostensibly for buffalo hunting.

Finally in 1876 conditions were so bad Washington was forced to take notice of the situation. A bill was authorized to use the sum of $25,000.00 for the removal of the Ponca to the Indian Territory, if they would consent to go. This came as a surprise to the chiefs and the entire tribe. Eight chiefs were selected to accompany the Agent of the Indian Bureau to Indian Territory to select a new reservation.

The chiefs didn't like what they saw and begged to go back. Being refused, the chiefs left the official and with only a dollar each and one blanket they started back home through cold weather. They walked the 500 mile trek in 40 days and arrived half-starved.

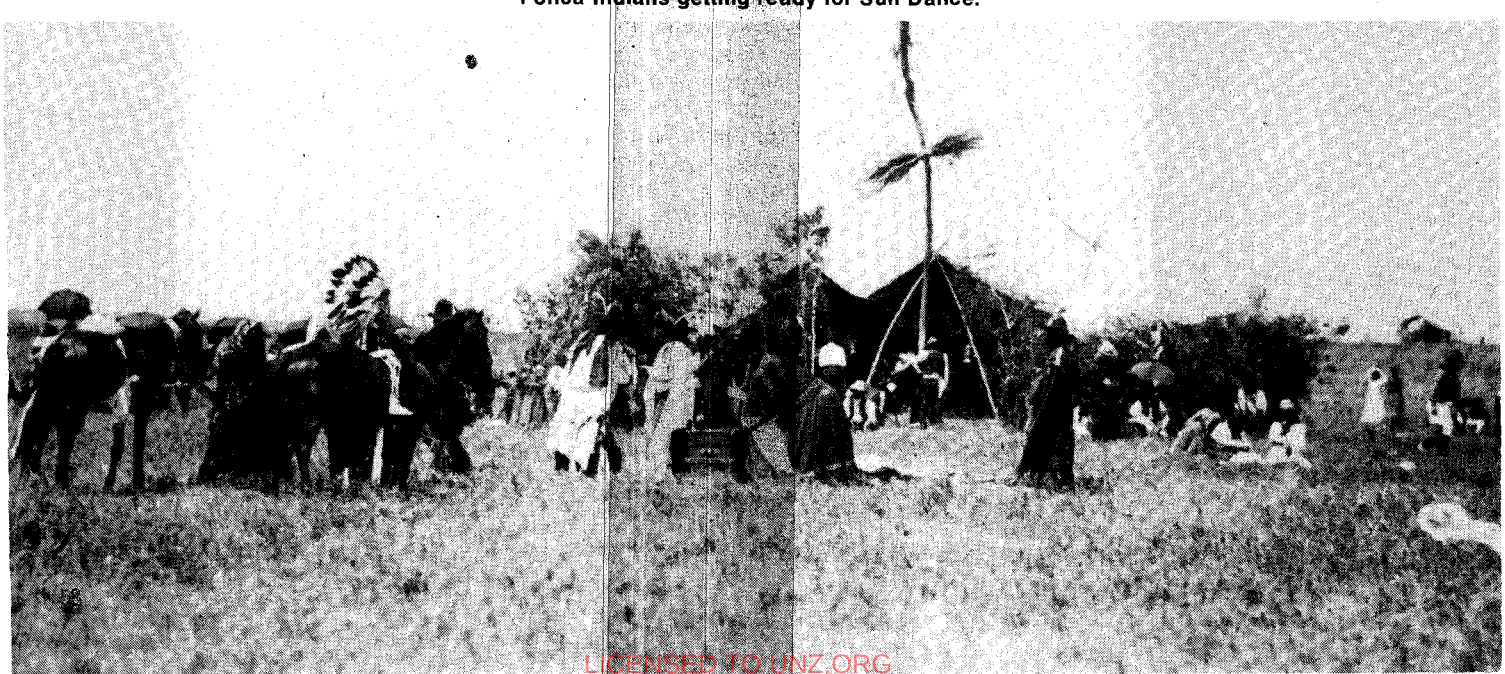
Though the Ponca and their white friends, such as Rev. J. O. Dorsey, repeatedly appealed to the Secretary of Indian Affairs saying they would not consent to being moved, their appeals were disregarded. An order came through on April 2, 1877 forcing removal; with the use of Army troops, if necessary. E. A. Howard of Hillsdale, Michigan, was appointed agent for the removal.

On April 28, 1877, Howard arrived at Columbus, Neb. where he expected to meet Agent Lawrence and the Ponca tribe. But only 170 Ponca were there, the others having resisted the removal. They stated simply that they'd rather die in defense of their homes than live in that "hot country" in the south.

The others however were forcefully removed. It was a ghastly and miserable experience. Heavy rainstorms flooded the Niobrara river. Several of the soldier "guards", who were taking the Indians from their homes, were swept from their horses and would have drowned had it not been for the Indians who jumped in and saved them.

Two children sickened and died as the Ponca toiled onward. Every few days someone died of disease or exposure. On June 5th near the city of Milford Neb., Prairie Flower, the small daughter of Chief Standing Bear, died and was given a Christian burial in the village cemetery by the kindly people there. Overwhelmed by their kindness, Chief Standing Bear said at his daughter's grave that he wished to give up Indian ways and

Ponca Indians getting ready for Sun Dance.



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become a Christian.

Later in that same day a tornado descended, carrying away almost everything the Ponca owned, including their camping gear. One child was killed and several injured in the awful storm. Remembering the kindness of the Milford people, a small casket was fashioned for the child and taken back to Milford where she was interred by the side of Prairie Flower.

Discouraged, homesick and hopeless, the Ponca finally found themselves in the land of strangers. There were no crops, no buffalo and the terrific hot weather made them wilt like weeds by the roadside. Some 681 survived the long trek. There were 197 heads of families to begin a new life in this strange hot country.

Unhappy with their condition, and their lodging, they begged for a more congenial home reservation. Finally one was selected on the west bank of the Arkansas, covering both sides of the Salt Fork in what is now north central Oklahoma. It encompassed 104,894 acres.

The tribe was once more on the road. Every move meant more deaths, more illnesses and more discouragements. Chills and fever from malaria were fatal to many.

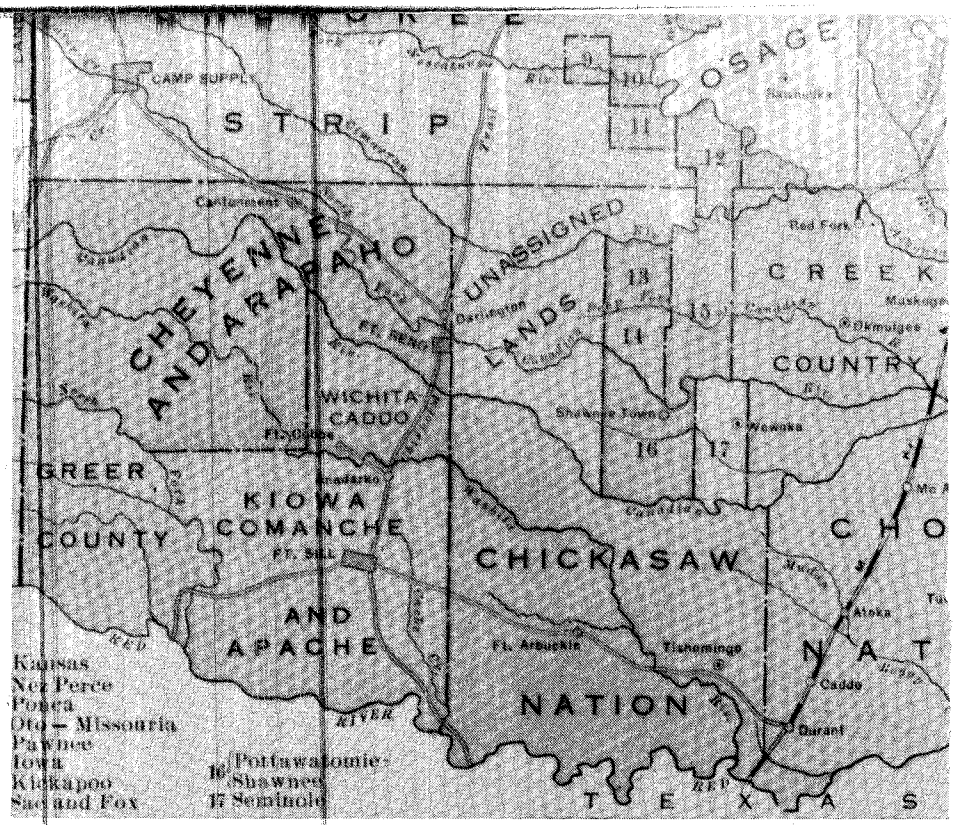
Finally the death of Chief Standing Bear's oldest son set in motion a piece of history marking a turn in bringing justice, or a measure of justice, to American Indians.

Before his death, the son had asked his father to please take him home to bury him in their own burying ground. Heartbroken and discouraged Chief Standing Bear gathered a few members of his tribe together and started north. Sixty-six Ponca made up the procession that followed the creaking old wagon drawn by two half-starved horses in the bitter weather. In the wagon was the body of the son blanketed against the bitter cold of January.

After the solemn burial rites in the sacred burying grounds, the Ponca decided to stay in the north with old friends, the Omaha, who still had a reservation not far from the pioneer town of Omaha.

Secretary of the Interior, Carl Schurz was notified of Standing Bear's "escape" and sent a telegram to Gen. George Crook ordering him to arrest the runaways and return them to the Indian Territory.

In the meantime, however Iron-Eyes, Chief of the Omaha, had met the Ponca and had offered them food and asylum in his reservation. He was deeply impressed by the simple statement that Standing Bear made, explaing why he had left the Territory . . . his son's last request. "I thought God intended us to live," Standing Bear said stoically. "But I was mistaken. God intends to give



Distribution of land in Indian Territory. Ponca's were located on Salt Fork River in northern central territory. (track # 10)

the country to the white people and we are to die."

Crook, however, following his orders took the Indians into custody. Hearing of the sad plight of the half-starved Indians, the citizens of Omaha seethed with indignation at the treatment the government had administered to the Indians. With the approval of Gen. Crook, sympathetic citizens employed local legal talent to apply for a writ of habeas corpus in the Federal court in Omaha.

The United States denied the prisoners right to sue on the grounds "an Indian is not a person within the meaning of the law."

The trial aroused intense interest. The court room was crowded with white sympathizers of the Ponca. All were held spell-bound by the eloquent speech, the native imagery and poetic phrases that welled up from the heart of a great Chief whose people had been wanderers at the whim of a government with which they had tried to keep faith. In the process he had lost his family, his home and now perhaps even the lives of his loyal friends who had come with him to honor and to bury his son.

A newspaper reporter who was present wrote: "There was a silence in the court as the Chief sat down. Tears ran down the Judge's face. Gen. Crook leaned forward and covered his face with his hands. Some of the ladies sobbed. All at once the audience, by common impulse, rose to its feet and such a shout went up as was never before heard in that Nebraska courtroom. No one heard Judge Dundy say, "Court is Adjourned."

"There was a rush to Standing Bear. The first to reach him was Gen. Crook, I was second. The ladies flocked toward him and for the next hour Standing Bear held a reception."

A few days later Judge Dundy filed his famous decision which was a landmark in American jurisprudence. It stated that an Indian was equally protected by the laws set forth by the Constitution.

This trial was probably the direct cause of the government's wakening to the cruel, and unjust treatment they bestowed on the Ponca tribe.

A commission, appointed by Pres. Hayes to investigate, found that "incredible magnitude of indifference and mis-management had made the experience with the Ponca needlessly disastrous and cruel."

As a result Congress made an appropriation of $165,000.00 to the tribe for losses sustained and to further "ameloriate, make restitution and promote their welfare."

This enabled the Ponca back in the Territory to begin to reconcile themselves to their new homes and settle down to peaceful living. A large brick industrial school began operations in January 1888 attended by 65 children.

Soon after the trial, the government assigned Standing Bear and his followers a few hundred acres of unused land near the mouth of the Niobrara river. He was home again . . . where one day his body would lie in the sacred burying ground with his family. More than that he had taken a step forward, down the long rugged trail toward justice for all American Indians.

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CHIEF SANTE'S MAGIC BONNET

(Continued from page 39)

Roman Nose's magic war bonnet was credited with much of the success of the Indian raids. When he first wore it at the war council, there was some skepticism as he declared, "This war bonnet comes from the Great Spirit. As long as I wear it, no bullets from the whites eyes' guns can harm me." But as time passed, even the disbelievers were converted by its magic.

But there was one taboo that would destroy the magic. If other hands besides his touched the bonnet, Roman Nose would lose his magical powers. Then the bonnet would need purifying, a long and arduous period of prayer and fasting by Roman Nose.

Where the bonnet came from was a mystery, but within a short time after Roman Nose went on the warpath, even the soldiers swore to its strange powers.

Some of this power was demonstrated in a battle early in January, 1865 when Roman Nose led his warriors against a cavalry detachment. He was a shrewd fighter, full of tricks for each conflict, always ready for something new and daring.

Roman Nose headed straight for the pony soldiers whooping wildly while his warriors spread out. The soldiers were stunned for a moment to see this chief racing straight into their midst with his multi-colored headdress flowing out behind him. They raised their carbines and fired round after round, but the bullets missed this sitting duck though they nipped at the air all around him. The soldiers panicked and the warriors, encouraged by their leader who couldn't die, surrounded the detachment. Fifteen minutes later, most of the soldiers were dead or wounded, and a few managed to run for their lives.

Properly armed, Roman Nose's army ranks were swelled with eager volunteers from the Cheyenne, Sioux. Their war parties took a deadly toll. On one occasion, a group of former soldiers were slain in a brief battle. Some of them had been carrying scalps and other items taken in the Sand Creek massacre.

With his increased firepower, Roman Nose returned to Julesburg killing all the male inhabitants and taking women and children prisoners. His warriors rampaged everywhere. Never had the West seen such carnage, death and destruction. No ranch or town seemed safe from the avenging Indians. Winter was the only comfort for the white settler, as the marauding redmen retired to await warm weather. But with spring, the bloodfests were again in full swing

Although detachments were sent after Roman Nose, they all ended in the same fate. The soldiers rode into trap after trap set by the wily chief. Just when the soldiers would learn of one trick, Roman Nose would come up with something different.

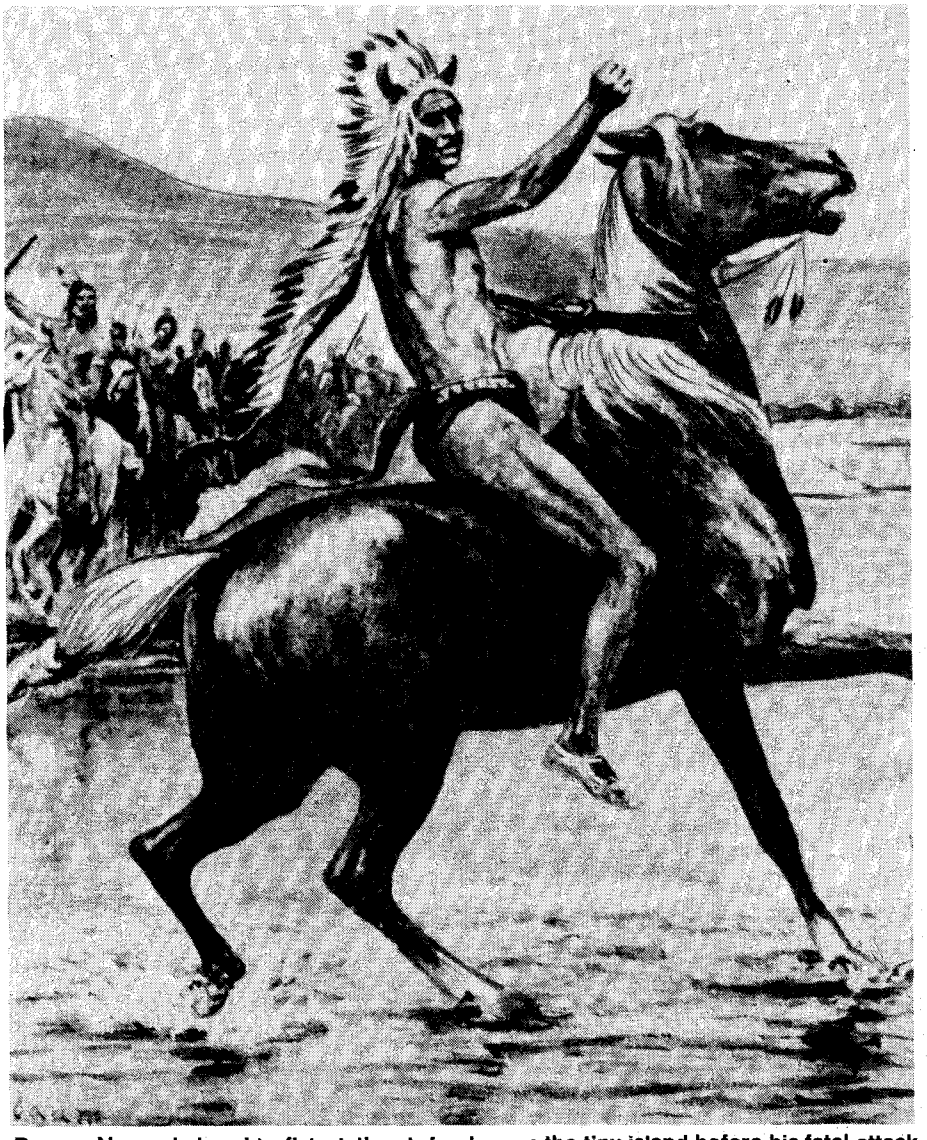
Wagon trains crossing the prairie became a favorite target for Roman Nose. Army escorts did no good. They were slaughtered along with the civilians. But Sergeant Jim Custard, a tough and veteran Indian fighter vowed that he would get his party through. "If that crazy Roman Nose attacks this train, he'll find out his magic has been a lot of bull," Custard boasted.

Luck seemed to be with him on that journey as the wagon train made it safely through the Kansas prairie and was within sight of Fort Laramie. "I told you we'd make it," shouted Custard. "That yellow Indian . . ." He didn't even finish the sentence. His words were drowned out by the roar of rifle fire as several of his men toppled dead from their mounts.

"Get into a circle!" Custard yelled, and the snorting horses were quickly led into a circular pattern. But there were no more shots. Just silence, fearful silence. No Indians were in sight. Riders appeared in the distance. Nervous settlers sent off a few rounds.

"Hold your fire. They're troopers," someone yelled. It was Lt. Casper Collins with a small detachment. They had heard the gunfire and rode out to help the wagon train. All the way out from the fort, they had seen no trace of Indians. Collins was convinced that the attack had been made by a small band of warriors who fled at sight of the soldiers. They approached the wagon train; confident.

Suddenly, from every direction, Indians came charging from down on the detachment. The desperate soldiers



Roman Nose shakes his fist at the defenders on the tiny island before his fatal attack.

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raced toward the wagon train, saw they wouldn't make it and retreated in panic toward the fort. It was too late. Within minutes every soldier was dead. Collins was killed in the first volley. Almost immediately, the Indians seemed to fade into the air, and all was deadly still. Sgt. Custard summoned Corporal James Shrader and sent him out with several men to see if the way was clear. They were but a short distance from the wagon train when Indians appeared from nowhere and quickly slaughtered the whole group while Custard and the others watched horrified from the wagon train.

The Indians turned this time on the wagon train, but Custard and his men were well entrenched and turned back the first few attacks. It was then that Roman Nose rode proudly and daringly around the wagons, flirting with the bullets that whizzed about his head, never touching him. Then he ordered his men to crawl toward the wagons, and the white defenders were slain when they stood to get a shot at the writhing forms. The wagon train was burned, the whites all murdered.

The West became a burial ground for hundreds of white men that summer and autumn before the Indians again returned to their villages for the winter. But Roman Nose was right back where he left off when spring of 1867 arrived. He extended his operations into Nebraska, striking at railroad construction workers, derailing trains, killing passengers and stealing supplies. The women were often taken captive and raped repeatedly by the Indian warriors and made slaves by the Indian women.

By now the news of the outrages had reached Washington and people demanded that the government do something to stem the tide of bloody slaughters that was killing off the white men as fast as they arrived in sections of the West. General Phil Sheridan was sent into the area, but when he arrived and saw the fear the men had of this chief who wore the magic bonnet, he said that it would be foolish to send them after Roman Nose. They would either desert or be slaughtered. Another officer, Major George Forsyth suggested that he enlist a band of civilians, rugged frontiersmen some of whom had survived previous attacks. They knew Roman Nose and hated Roman Nose but did not fear his magic like the soldiers. Sheridan agreed, and fifty hardy pioneers were selected.

They slipped into the area from which Roman Nose was known to be operating, along the Republican River in Colorado, and picked up the trail of an Indian band. It took them to the Arickaree fork where they made camp. The river at this point was about a hundred feet wide, a few feet deep. There was a small island in the center of the stream. It was a peaceful stream and the men were lulled into carelessness, believing the band they sought were many miles distant. They were wrong, dead wrong. Dawn broke to the screams of the dying and the whoops of hundreds of charging Cheyenne and Sioux. Major Forsyth saw the defenseless position they were in. "Make it to the island!" he ordered, and the men, firing their rifles rapidly, retreated to the tiny island as the first wave of charging Indians broke and faded back, leaving behind a score of dead warriors. Digging with hands, sticks, anything they could get, the frontiersmen feverishly dug shallow trenches for some protection. It was good enough to stop the next few screaming hordes of Indians, but they knew it was only a matter of time before they were overwhelmed. Lieutenant Beecher was mortally wounded, the doctor accompanying them was dying of a stomach wound, and Forsyth himself was injured in the shoulder.

Roman Nose tried several tactics to get at the men in the trenches, but nothing worked and he was losing many warriors from the deadly calm fire of the frontier fighters. A direct charge would cost the lives of many more of his men, Roman Nose knew. He respected the frontiersmen more than soldiers. Already, one of them may have sneaked past his warriors and gone for help to Fort Wallace. He had to risk a direct charge. He talked over the plans with his battle chiefs and they invoked the help of their spirits through the night. It was almost dawn when he returned to his quarters. And there he was confronted with a ghastly sight. One of his squaws, who accompanied him on all raids, was touching his magic war bonnet—it would lose its magic! The Great Spirit had forbade any human but him to touch the headdress, else it must be purged through long ritual. There was no time for ritual now. His warriors already awaited his command and were poised for battle.

Roman Nose strode to his white stallion and mounted—without the magic war bonnet. He was a noble chief, brave and strong. He had a hundred victories behind him. He gave a cry and the warriors raced behind him, bonnet or no bonnet. Like an avalanche of death they swept toward the tiny island, their horses splashing the shallow stream into foam.

On the island, two of the frontiersmen huddled together in their trench, awaiting the onslaught. Then one of them cried out.

"His bonnet. He's not wearing his bonnet!"

Straight toward their position rode the tall and mighty Roman Nose, as they both aimed carefully and calmly at his chest. Their rifles cracked, almost simultaneously, and Roman Nose let out a mighty shout. Then two splotches of blood appeared on his chest as he wavered for a moment, then fell heavily into the stream, staining the water with little crimson waves.

A hush fell over the entire battle. Rifles were silenced. The warriors drew up their mounts suddenly. For a few moments there was only the sound of snorting ponies and hoofs splashing in the water.

Roman Nose was dead as the saddened warriors carried off his body. The fight was over. The Indians left as quickly as they had arrived.

The war bonnet was never seen again, but its legend lives on as might Roman Nose himself, with the help of his magic war bonnet.

fight birth defects | Give MARCH OF DIMES

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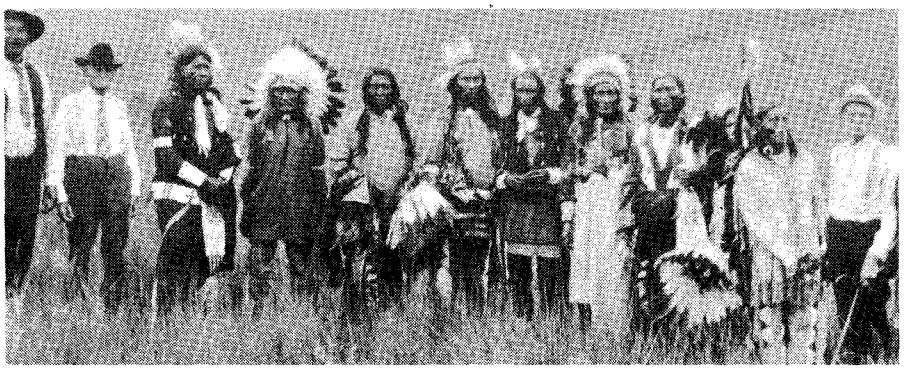

MASSACRE CANYON: END OF A HUNDRED YEAR WAR

(Continued from page 44)

Now the Sioux realized their error, but in a time when the next best thing to a dead Indian was a reservation Indian, they were not about to reverse themselves and let the Pawnee go, no matter how wrong they had been.

It was a doubly bitter pill for the Pawnee, for not only were they deprived of their age old hereditary lands, but the white man who had so recently called them friends and been willing to recognize the Pawnee claims to the point of offering substantial settlements, had allowed the Sioux, who were the real trouble makers and killers, to move in without protest. Still, guided by common sense, the Pawnee knew they were helpless against both the Army and the Sioux. Bitterly, they sat on their reservation and bided their time.

The Sioux, for their part, did manage to harass the Pawnee from time to time, both off and on their reservation, but the Pawnee, banking on their knowledge of the white man and his conscience, continued for the next twenty years to scream Sioux harassment so loud and often as to keep troopers from Fort Kearny, and after 1871 from Fort McPherson, almost constantly on patrol near their reservation. Thus, bit by bit, day by day, year after year, they tied up a part of the Army for their own purpose and to a degree evened their score with the government.

Maybe it was to help the Indians, more likely as a sop to conscience, but the Army put a number of Pawnee on the rolls as scouts. And as Indian scouts went, the Pawnee were pretty good. Even more to the point, as far as the Pawnee were concerned, having some of their number working for the Army gave them a direct source of inside information on what was going on and the plans the government had. And the Pawnee quickly learned to use this to their advantage; this is probably how they got themselves into the bloody battle at Massacre Canyon.

In 1871 the hub of the Sioux reservation was moved from Fort Laramie to a point some 30 miles downstream on the Platte River because the Sioux were causing trouble for settlers making stops at the fort. Now the term reservation, as applied by the government at that time, had two distinct and quite different meanings. The Pawnee reservation. a small area of good land near present day Genoa, Nebraska, was a place of confinement outside of which the Pawnee were not technically free to go.

However, the reservation granted the Sioux in 1868 that included the Black Hills and less desirable portions of Nebraska, Wyoming, and Montana, was given in the sense of a preserve, in exchange for concessions granted to the white man, a place the Indians could consider their own but NOT necessarily a place of confinement.

In the spring of 1873 the government decided the Sioux should be removed from the line of the Platte to a place on the White River where they would have less immediate contact and therefore hopefully less cause for friction with white men. The Sioux, however, were very opposed to leaving the Platte and since they were at the time approximately 13,000 in number in the Platte River encampment, the government backed down, or so the Sioux were led to believe.

As spring turned to summer the Sioux began to disperse, going out to hunt so they claimed, until by the end of July all that remained on the Platte were old men, women, and children. Deeming the time to be ripe, the government now could easily exterminate the Pawnee by sheer force of numbers, but they had twice been driven westward by other tribes.. On the Plains, they were themselves the relative newcomers, and they could not be sure some other tribe, one that had been there longer and was perhaps strong enough to once more put them to flight, wouldn't claim these vast, rich, Pawnee lands if the Pawnee were no more.

Instead the Sioux devised a sneaky plan, one that would give them the lands they so badly wanted, and at the same time make the white man the eliminator of the Pawnee. White emigrants, following the Smoky Hill Route through Kansas, were slaughtering buffalo for hides and sheer sport. The Pawnee, distressed not only by this wanton waste that was beyond their comprehension, but also fearful of their own plight should this major food source be destroyed, pleaded with their friends in Washington to do something to stop it.

Observers were sent out, who were as shocked by the senseless slaughter as the Pawnee were. How much actual control could be enforced from Washington was a question that even the government realized they could not judge. Still, they felt a friendly obligation that prompted action in the form of an offer that would give the Pawnee their lands and villages on the Loup and Republican Rivers, and the assurance of government stores to make up for lost food at the hands of whites. For this the Pawnee were to give free and perpetual access to and through the hunting grounds of Kansas to the government.

Both the Pawnee and the government were in general agreement, but while the finer points of the negotiations were being ironed out Indians made bloody attacks on whites along the Smoky Hill Route. In fact, these attacks were so fierce that they virtually closed the trail and brought singular terror to those whites who lived along it.

Washington, jumping to a singular and not too logical conclusion, blamed the Pawnee. The Pawnee, who were not unhappy with what the government had been offering them, denied any knowledge of the hostile attacks, but they cried to deaf ears. All negotiations were off and the Pawnee were told, with a typical show of force, to sign the treaty called "Table Rock," which herded the entire Pawnee tribe, both Skidi and Republican, onto a small reservation on the Loup River. The year was 1857, and the government, unheeding of the Pawnee cries that the Sioux were the real culprits, enforced the treaty speedily.

And of course bottling up the Pawnee on the Loup didn't change things one bit down on the Smoky Hill. Encouraged by their success, the Sioux openly declared their rights to the lands vacated under protest by the Pawnee. Governbegan the unwanted Sioux move to the White River under escort of soldiers from Fort Laramie and Fort McPherson.

In order to appreciate fully the happenings of early August it must be kept in mind that the Pawnee had two sources of information on Indian affairs. They had the usual Indian "grapevine" which seemed to operate faster than any official communications and then they had the information the Pawnee scouts brought to them from official government sources as per orders given to the scouts.

And what did the Pawnee learn from

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these sources? They knew that the Sioux braves were out hunting and they knew the Army was moving those who stayed behind on the Platte farther north to the White River, away from the buffalo hunting grounds the Sioux had stolen from them. The Pawnee also knew something else, they knew that the Sioux "hunters" were not hunting buffalo. Rather they were up in the Powder River-Big Horn country hunting white men. And on August 4, the day before the Massacre Canyon fight, they attacked the military escort of the hated Northern Pacific Railroad survey party, which just happened to be the 7th Cavalry, G. A. Custer, commanding.

With the able bodied Sioux "hunting" far to the northwest, and the remaining Sioux on the move under the watchful eye of the Army, the Pawnee thought it a safe and opportune time to hunt buffalo on their old hunting ground. Unfortunately they overlooked one factor, Spotted Tail.

Spotted Tail, who was not only an intelligent and highly perceptive individual, but a good chief as well, had been incarcerated for a time at Fort Leavenworth. While there he had vast opportunity to observe and evaluate the white man's strength, and came to the conclusion fighting the Army was a senseless and hopeless cause. Therefore when he pledged not to make war after Running Springs, he meant it, as it related to white men, although he still saw no harm in Indian fighting Indian. Therefore when his Brules left the Platte to hunt in the summer of 1873, they did go south after buffalo. While this might not have stopped the Pawnee, surely they would have been more alert and watchful had they known Spotted Tail and his Brules were around. Or at the very least, they might have asked for government sanction and Army protection for their hunt. But they didn't, and they weren't, and so they were caught by their own craftiness at Massacre Canyon. And the next spring, they were moved to the hopeless desolation of Indian Territory, and their war with the Sioux came to an end. Two hundred years after they had been chased from their homes on Lake Superior by a stronger tribe than themselves, the Sioux had accomplished the same act against the land rich but numerically weak Pawnee.

BUCKING THE TIGER

(Continued from page 7)

him the title of "King of the Gamblers" when he opened his own faro bank in Paris in 1708. It was through his faro bank that the clever law clipped the citizens of Paris for 67,000 pounds sterling. The French police finally decided that enough was enough and politely asked him to pack up his equipment and seek other pastures to conquer.

It was the English who undoubtedly shortened the word and changed the spelling from Pharaon to faro when it was introduced to London gamesters. The game, as in France, became extremely popular, especially among the ladies and gentlemen of nobility. They won—and more often lost—thousands of British pounds.

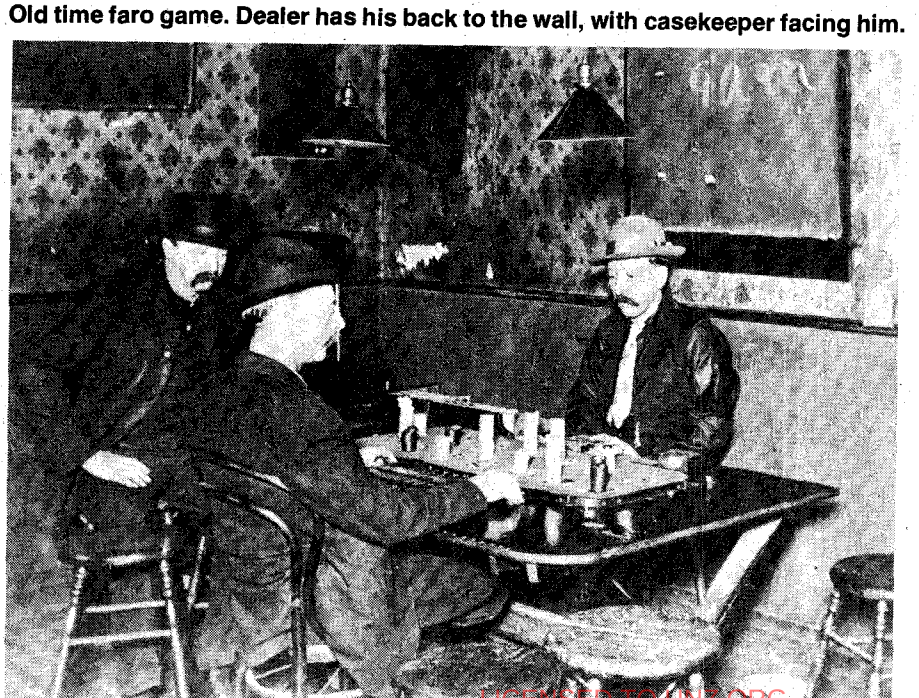
It was in New Orleans that faro was introduced to the United States and, from here, faro branched out and eventually covered the entire country.

The popularity of faro was due largely to it's simplicity. Anyone could learn to play it in a matter of minutes. The game was played with the standard deck of fifty-two cards, and bets were placed on how the cards fell. A dealer dealt the cards from a dealing box, one at a time, and the players would place their bets on a layout which consisted of thirteen cards of one suit. On each turn, there would be a round of betting and then the pay-offs. On the side opposite the dealer there was a gentleman known as the "casekeeper" who operated an abacus-type device that kept track of the cards that had already been dealt. In the better establishments the house employed a "lookout" whose purpose was to keep the game honest.

In the West nearly everyone played faro. One gambling hall in Pueblo, Colorado, had six faro

Denver gambling house during the Colorado gold rush. Faro tables are on the left.

Old time faro game. Dealer has his back to the wall, with casekeeper facing him.



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banks running full blast 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Expert faro dealers were much in demand. There were skilled faro dealers in Denver who earned anywhere from $500 to $1000 dollars a week, which was a fantastic amount of money for those days.

One reason for the game's popularity was the common belief that it couldn't be rigged. This bit of information was most probably inspired by the gamblers themselves, who reaped a rich profit from the proceeds. It seems obvious that faro dealers were not paid these treat sums merely to deal cards from a box. The faro dealer was paid for his skill at manipulating the cards—and the sharper the dealer, the higher they pay.

Another reason for hiring sharpers instead of honest men was that if the house were going to prosper it had no choice in the matter, since the odds in faro are only slightly in favor of the house.

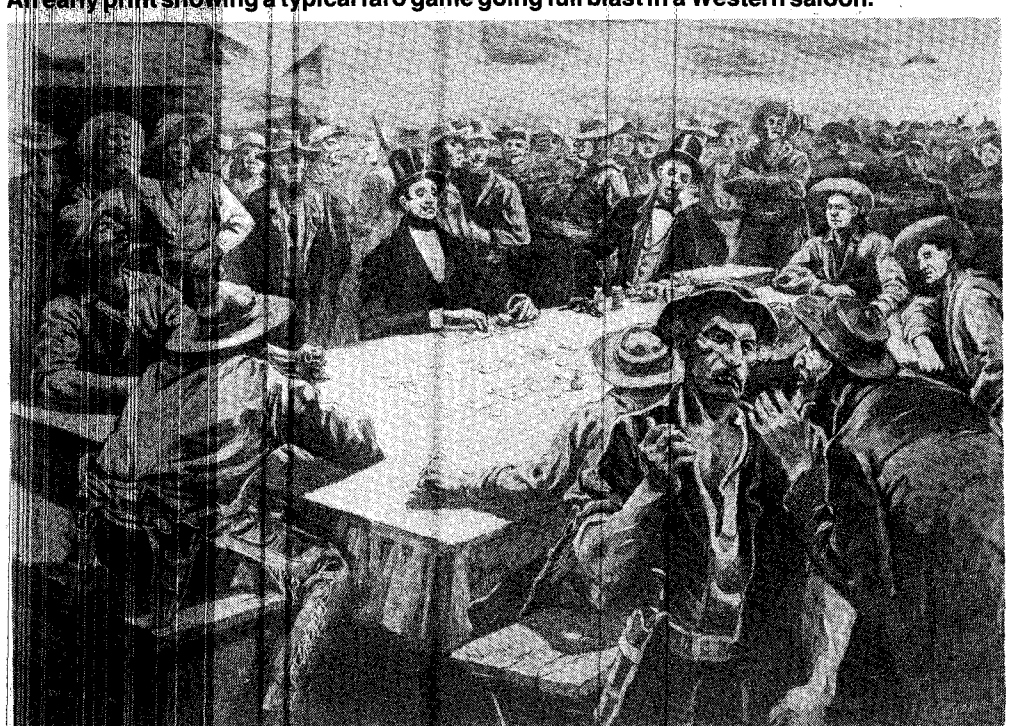
Cheating at faro was common since the chances of getting caught were perhaps less at faro than at any other game. The gamblers of the West lived by their own code, and cheating wasn't considered wrong. The idea was not to get caught. A good gambler was a gambler who didn't get caught, and one who did was usually referred to as a "tinhorn." If faro played honestly was a paying proposition it would still be popular today—and it's not. Many of today's professionals are completely unfamiliar with it.

It is amazing how many oldtime professionals were taken in by faro. It was quite common for a gambler to win a large sum of money fleecing a sucker and then promptly lose the entire sum at the faro tables. George Devol, the great riverboat gambler, himself a faro dealer of some repute, claimed in later years to have lost nearly all his money playing faro. This poses a question of who was the most efficient. Why a gambler of Devol's skill would lose all his cash to a faro bank that he must have know was crooked is unbelieveable. It probably was not the game he was interested in as much as it was challenging the dealer himself. The dealer of a faro bank had to be top-notch to fool a man of Devol's experience.

The man with the cane in the center of this faro game is the lookout. He always kept a close eye on the game and the players.

"Bucking the tiger" was a pastime every gambler enjoyed. Since there is no actual skill and not much strategy at playing faro, the thrill for the pro was to outsharp the sharper. There were some gamblers that made bucking the tiger their profession and it was not uncommon for a professional to break a faro bank or force it to close by winning too often. This was done by taking advantage of the dealer and anticipating what the dealer was going to do. A player of long standing and considerable skill and experience

An early print showing a typical faro game going full blast in a Western saloon.



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could do this with very little effort, and many would seek out games and watch for the right moves and once they knew the dealer's style would sit in and break the dealer.

There were some gamblers like Ben Thompson the famed Texan, who would get into a faro game and, if he started losing, would reach for his pistol and rob the bank. This was a common practice, and it was another reason for the high salaries paid to faro men—they had to be able to protect the bank.

One of the West's most successful faro men was Wyatt Earp —who was both a good man at banking the game and bucking the tiger. Although famed as a lawman and peace officer, his real story lies in the gambling houses and saloons of the West where he spent most of his time—by his own admission. During his Dodge City years he was a dealer in the Long Branch, while in Tombstone he was involved in the Oriental Saloon. After his exit from Arizona he never left the the faro bank for any length of time. His brothers also were efficient at the faro tables, although they were never as successful.

Endless volumes could be written about the game and it's history but, like the buffalo which was once quite common, the game has gone into oblivion.

But the story of faro and its part in the history of the West will never die. ●

COLORADO'S CLIFF DWELLINGS

(Continued from page 17)

because the U. S. Army had failed to dislidge the prospectors and the homesteaders. The Indians may have had trouble with the Army, but they had none with Moss.

He was in the La Plata Mountains, running a placer-ditch line. It was two to three miles long and contained enough gold to pay for itself. To him it was purely a preliminary operation for further exploration was expected to prove highly profitable. As an engineer for the banking firm of Tibercio Parrott and Company of San Francisco, the "Captain" knew his funds were not likely to run low, so he had time for both prospecting and civil activities.

The number of prospectors in the La Platas in unknown, but working with Moss were A. R. Lewis, Charles Naegelin, A. Chubbuck, John Wingate, and Tom Cooper. Cooper had recently returned from a supply-buying trip to Denver, and he told Moss about meeting a U. S. Geological Survey team working in the Howardsville area. It was headed up by William H. Jackson.

Cooper explained that Jackson and his men had been surveying the Colorado mountains. They had started earlier in the summer around Estes Park, had completed work in Middle and South Parks, and now were in the San Juan Mountains. Cooper told how he had recognized Jackson as a former fellow-townsman from Omaha, where Jackson once owned a photographic "studio." Jackson said he had heard stories about "cliff cities" near the southern reaches of the Animas and La Plata Rivers, and had inquired about the possibility of finding any. Cooper had urged Jackson to come to do a little exploring, bragging that his employer, "Captain" John, knew about a "whole raft of cliff cities."

But Steve and Bill were less patient, and Steve said so. They began to banter with each other, a camouflage against the uneasiness. Ribbing Steve, Jackson and Ingersoll told him that when they found the cliff houses, it was he—fat though he was—who would have to carry the photo boxes up to them. Returning the jest, he wanted to know just where this place was that he was going to have to climb. Moss, enjoying the joke, raised his arm and simply pointed his finger to the highest part of the cliff.

Steve, squinting, stared at the thousand foot high stratas of sandstone, and gasped. Jackson formally recorded that Steve said simply, "Yes, I see it," but at that stage of the search, his true comments were proably much more vigorous and colorful. For there, sure enough, nestled on one of the benches near the very top of the cliff, the outline of a square bulky structure took shape. It was a cliff house!

Whether it was purely coincidental or if Moss really knew the dwelling was there seems to be a point of conjecture. He couldn't have been too sure of his directions, but then maybe he was worrying about how the election had turned out, wondering if the Indians had scared away enough of the farm voters.

At any rate they all set out for the dwelling with the photography equipment loaded on the burro Mexico. Only Jackson and Ingersoll made it to the ruin that afternoon. They found three rooms divided by partitions of piled sandstones, and the remnants of a wooden floor that would have separated it into a two-level structure. Inside, the walls were plastered in red adobe, with a white band around the base. The following morning they again climbed to the ruin, lugging along the 8″ x 10″ camera box, dark tent, collodion bottle, plates, plate holders and all the other paraphernalia needed at that time to make photos. Jackson worked all day. He called the ruin "Two Story House" and recorded the first photographic proof of the existence of clff dwelling ruins.

Moss though his guests would be satisfied with this. He was anxious to return to find out how he had fared in the election. But Jackson and his party were so excited that they wanted to go on. They set out again down Mancos Canyon, heading for the junction of Hovenweep Creek and the San Juan River.

The three days going and returning were plagued with lack of water, strayed burros and mules, scorching heat and no more cliff houses.

It would be fourteen years before the ruins of Mesa Verde were discovered, and then by accident. On December 18, 1888, Richard Wetherill and his cousin, Charles Mason, two cowboys who were ranching in the Mancos Valley, went looking for stray cattle in the vast unfenced land. Riding up the Mesa Verde, a huge flat-top bluff that had been named "green

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table" by the Spaniards under Don Juan Maria de Rivera as early as 1765, they were stopped by a deep canyon. And there, across the way, nestled in an open sandstone cave, was a cliff house of massive proportions. They named it Cliff Palace, and the next year began excavation.

Moss was pleased. A reserved man of thirty-five, he still liked attention. He hoped Jackson would come. And soon.

Jackson did. On September 7—the day before election—he and his party of three other men rode down the Animas Valley in search of the "cliff cities." With him were Ernest Ingersoll, officially a reporter for the *New York Tribune,* but listed as "naturalist" in the Hayden Survey, and Steve and Bill, horse wranglers and general flunkies on the trip. Three burros—Mexico, Muggins, and Kitty—carried supplies. Someone, probably Indian friends, advised Moss of their coming, He rode out to meet them.

Moss was a superbly polished man from the west coast—short, slender, and full-bearded, with long dark hair. He generally wore a business suit, boots, and a rolled-brimmed hat. It was Moss, the politician, who greeted Jackson and his companions near what is now Lightner Creek.

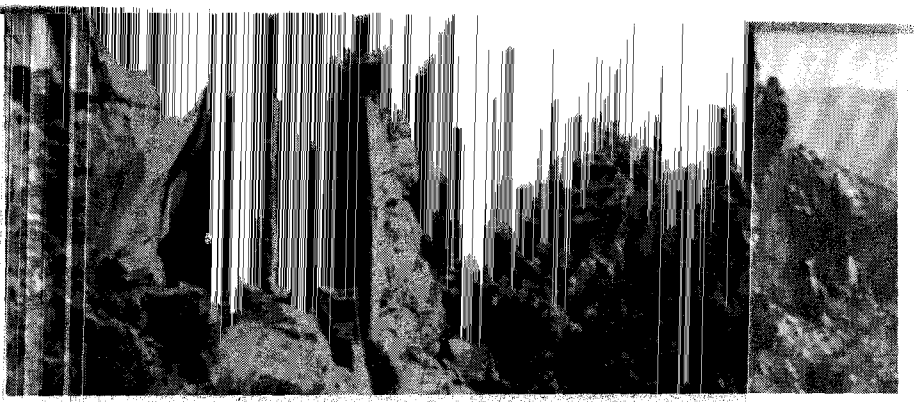
Jackson, in his memoirs, recalled the meeting.

"How do you do, gentlemen," Moss said. "I hear you're taking pictures of the country. I've come to say that if I can be of help, I'd be pleased to accommodate."

Jackson answered eagerly: "It's a welcome offer and we accept." They were in rather a hurry, but iould Moss direct them to the cliff cities?

"Direct you?" Moss was indignant. "I'll guide you! '

If ever a man had reason to smile to himself, Moss did. Of course he knew about cliff houses. He'd seen them—he couldn't remember just where—but someplace in Mancos Canyon. He would be pleased to offer his services. In the meantime, would they do him the honor to join him at his camp? And since they had arrived at such a propitious time, would they also cast their ballots for him in the election?



Two Story House in Mancos Canyon, the first picture taken by William Henry Jackson that proved the existence of cliff houses in southwest Colorado.

All agreed it was a fair trade.

So it was that the Jackson party, with Moss extending the finest hospitality a prospecting operation could offer, rode into Moss's camp on the La Platas the day before election. The camp consisted of only a few small tents and wickiups" near the sluice box on the river, but the travelers received a jolly welcome. The melons and fresh vegetables Jackson had gathered from a settler's garden in Hermose Park—fifteen miles back and hastily abandoned when Indians threatened—added to the festivities. A holiday mood prevailed. Moss gaily offered Jackson and his three companions several "shares on the bar," part interest in the mining venture, and passed the venison again.

Since there were no registration or residency requirements for voters in those days, Moss had the four visitors lined up solidly for him. There is no record of the total electorate in the county, but the next morning ballots were cast, and the party then rode off to search for the "cliff houses."

They were all in high spirits as they rode into the dry mesa country. confident that Moss would be elected and that the cliff cities would soon be found. Still, as the day wore on, no cliff cities were found. Neither Jackson nor Ingersoll lost heart, for Moss continually reassured them that it was "just a bit further." He was determined to keep his part of the bargain.

Neither Moss nor Jackson knew of the find at that time. There was no Antiquities Act in force, so as a result the artifacts taken were carelessly dug out and sold commercially to the highest bidder. A curious Denverite bought a collection of baskets, pottery, mummies, tools, weapons and fetishes for $3000. Baron Gustav Nordenskiold, a visiting Finlander, saw the collection and employed the Wetherill brothes and Mason to excavate for him. By 1891, 600 priceless articles had been shipped to Helsinki, where they still remain in a museum.

Aghast at this development, local women organized the Cliff Dwelling Association, but it was not until 1900 that they were able to pay the Ute Indian Tribe a $300 annual fee to protect the ruins from foreign interests. In the meantime, W. H. Jackson had returned to take numerous photos. With the help of these photos the Women's Association convinced President Theodore Roosevelt in 1906 to create a National Park of 51,000 acres.

BUT all this happened long after Captain John Moss had taken Jackson on the first expedition in 1874. Jackson had been disappointed in the results he had obtained, and Moss had been annoyed that the trip had taken so long. After all, he'd spent a long week guiding Jackson's party—and for all this he had racked up only four votes!

Even so, it had been a fair trade. Jackson got his picture of a cliff house, and Moss won the election.

At first it seems that John Moss had come out the winner. Elected by popular vote against a now unknown opponent, he would be his own claim recorder. He would lay out Parrott City as county seat of La Plata County and have his own court house. His future was taking shape, and a bigger and better gold strike was imminent. Jackson, with only one ruin caught in photography, seemed to have

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come up short. But in the end, it was Jackson who made history.

The exciting proof of the cliff dwelling in Jackson's pictures helped clinch his fame. Already well known for his work in Yellowstone, he soon became know as the "American Photographer of the West." Although he made many trips into the Southwest to photograph Indian ruins, the trip of 1874 to Moss's camp was the most intriguing of his ninty-nine years—and he enjoyed retelling it until he died, in 1942.

To William Henry Jackson, four votes for one photo had proved a fair trade.

John Moss was recalled to San Francisco the next summer. Someone else discovered the fabulous May Day and Idaho mines, which contained the rich deposits he had been looking for. The county seat was moved to Durango in 1881, and his Parrott City was a ghost town in ten years. But still, Captain John Moss, had had his moment of glory. He had become the first elected public servant in La Plata County, even though he'd captured it with his own brand of electioneering.

Four votes may have been the deciding factor, but now—over a century later—the discovery and photographing of the famous cliff dwelling far outshines the results of one small election. ●

GAMBLING GALS

(Continued from page 23)

The last time they cleaned her out completely, she killed herself—by taking poison. She was buried in the Bodie cemetery. And the Bodie paper printed her obituary thus: "Let her many good qualities invoke leniency in criticising her failings."

At the age of ten, Kittie LeRoy was a jig dancer in Dallas, Texas. From an early age, she had a burning ambition to be a faro dealer. And by 1870, she was a fantastic faro dealer in Deadwood.

Kitty's personality matched the vivid violence of the era in which she lived. The dark beauty dressed in gay, gypsy-type clothes and jewelry—which accentuated her dark mysterious eyes. Her magnetic beauty proved to be fatal to her many lovers—and to herself. Her fifth husband killed her and himself.

Kitty's gambling hall in Deadwood was called the MINT. A good name for it for she really coined the money there—as well as winning a number of husbands. Her scarlet life was short lived—shot down at the age of twenty-eight. After her death, a reporter wrote: "Her brown hair was thick and curling; she had five husbands, seven revolvers, a dozen bowie-knives, and always went armed to the teeth, which latter were like pearls set in coral. She was a terrific gambler, and wore in her ears immense diamonds, which shone almost like her glorious eyes. The magnetism about her marvelous beauty was such as to drive her lovers crazy; more men had been killed about her than all the other women in the hills combined, and it was only a question whether her lovers or herself had killed the most. She married her first husband because he was the only man of all her lovers who had the nerve to let her shoot an apple off his head while she rode by at full speed. On one occasion, she disguised herself in male attire to fight a man who refused to combat a woman. He fell, and she then cried, and married him in time to be his widow."

"Nobody ever got humpbacked carrying away the money he won from me," said Alice Ivers. The Prairie forts and trail cities knew her as Poker Alice.

She was born in Sudbury, England, the daughter of a schoolmaster. Alice was twelve when the Ivers moved from England to Virginia. Later the family moved to Colorado. Fair-haired Alice with her deep blue eyes was a welcome addition to the silver camps.

At nineteen, she married Frank Duffield, a young mining engineer. They lived in the boom town of Lake City, Colorado. Duffield taught Alice the card-game to which she turned to make a living after her husband was killed in a mine explosion. She became the gambling queen of the bizarre and flaming frontier.

Her expressionless face was known in every mining camp—Leadville, Georgetown, Central City—you name it—she was there. She, also, was well known in Kansas. A lot of money passed through her hands in Wichita, Hays, Ellsworth, Dodge City and other cowtowns. In Dodge City, she joined up with some other gamblers and went to Silver City, New Mexico, the Monte Carlo of the West.

It was there she broke the bank and disappeared. Later it was learned she went to New York City. She loved ball-room type clothing. In New York, she had a ball seeing shows, dining and dancing at night, and shopping for finery in the daytime.

And when she was nearly broke, she came back to Kansas. She made it back in time to make the "run" into Oklahoma. She staked a claim which she later sold for twenty dollars—plus a horse and saddle. Soon she was back in Caldwell, Kansas.

Poker Alice was strictly a business woman. She never plied feminine wiles to gain favors from the male element. Such phony affections disgusted her. Neither did the excitement and adventure of the tenderloins appeal to her.

She declared that her life on the farm with her second husband, George Tubbs, were her happiest days. But poor George froze to death in a raging blizzard. And Alice, destitute, went back to flipping pasteboards.

As she grew older, she lost her pride. She discarded her silks and satins for an old army drab shirt, black skirt, and an old wool sweater. For years, she was a habitual smoker of big, black cigars—hence her nickname. However, in later years, many called her Corduroy Alice, because of her wrinkles.

Records show that Alice Tubbs married for the third time—to a George Huckert. But he only lived a few years. And when he died, Alice went back to being Alice Tubbs. She continued to run a gambling den which included girls upstairs.

Had the melody, "Never On Sunday," been written in Poker Alice's time it very well could have been her theme song. For she always refused to work or let her girls work on Sunday. In fact, she quoted the Bible and insisted her girls attend Sunday School class—taught by Alice—no less.

Poker Alice made her last and biggest bet in 1930—at the age of seventy-nine. Her doctor advised an operation—stating, however, that due to her age, it was her only chance.

Keeping her Poker face, the grand old gal called his bet by saying, "Go ahead. I always hated a piker."

Fate was the dealer in her last game of chance and death was the winner. She was buried in Sturgis, South Dakota.

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